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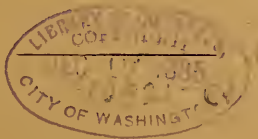


William P. Tynan.

THREE SCORE POEMS,

BY

✓
3 WILLIAM P. TYNAN.
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—BY—

WILLIAM P. TYNAN.

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THREE SCORE POEMS.

THE DRAMA OF THE REAL.

The Drama of the Real moves along,
Upon the hurrying foothold of our globe,
And we, who are the actors, ever form,
From strength and weakness, agony and joy,
Its wondrous combinations with our lives;
Yet, while we wait our turns, still let us be
The heart-moved auditors of passing scenes,
And, touched by gentle sympathy, receive
New power to do more fittingly our parts;
Then may the wavering crowds, that hesitate,
Snatch from example gleaming brands to light
The upward reaching pathway of our kind;
Then may our drama's swift unpondered theme
Receive more strength, more light, more love,
more faith!

OUR CENTURY.

We who deem our Age time's greatest wonder,
And look upon the past as mornless night,
Would, if we ponder well, perceive our blunder,
And mark where gains our lamp its living light:

We delve with ease the earth for our foundations:
The past puts in our hands its pick and spade;
With pride we build, blind to our desecrations:
Of tombstones old our corner-stones are made.

Use brightens brighter still our sire's old glasses,
We find with them another star or two:
Space, wonder-stored, endures while life soon
passes,
They found their share while they were looking
through.

Proud as we are of vaunted modern science
Its fitful gleams drive not the shadows out,
And in the path it lights we loose reliance,
And trembling tread in twilight shades of doubt.

We've reached the second childhood of our letters,
We grope for head-lines on our dusty shelves,
Bright fancy's wings seem bound in age's fetters;
Yet we work on, wrapped in our little selves.

Do we yet heed our history's dreadful warning?—
Ah! war's red streams yet gush upon our soil!
Our earth's mad powers, their signs of doom still
scorning,
Loose not their grip upon the throat of toil.

We hold our ready mirror elevated,
And gaze on our reflection with delight:
O why deceive ourselves, by pride elated,
With uncorrected blemishes in sight?

But, claim we may, one glory, for we earn it,
In one most wonderful labor we succeed,
And though we may have lost too much to learn it,
We know the secret of the demon Speed.

Yes, Speed is ours: we've harnessed unseen forces
To leap for us o'er time and distance on:
Speed—speed to grasp and spend long-stored re-
sources;
This prize alone our century has won.

Beware! its reaching footstep stirs new trouble!—

That demon yet may laugh at us as fools;

For greed, grown master, yet may see his bubble

Burst by bare hands that hold no novel tools.

Then let no breath of perfumed pride inflate us

To praise ourselves our fair deserts beyond,

The broadened future's eyes will justly rate us,

When our completed record they have conned.



THE TRAMP AND THE CRIPPLE.

A wretched tramp lay on the grass
Lamenting cruel fate;
He saw the cheerful toiler pass,
The rich ride by in state,
And groaned aloud, "Despised am I,
An outcast from my own,
With scarce a glance men pass me by—
I'm left to starve alone!

O selfish world! you turn your back
When you should give your hand;
You stretch misfortune on your rack,
You speed the erring on the track
Of crime, to curse the land!"

A burdened cripple hobbling by,
O'er-hearing his lament,
Cried, "Rise, come on with me, and try
The ways on which you may rely
To lead you to content?"

The tramp upon his elbow rose,
And, with a laugh of scorn,
Cried, "Fool, your twisted body shows
The marks of man's relentless blows ;
You curse, poor cripple, 'mid your woes,
The day that you were born—
Begone! your lot is worse than mine,
Content you cannot see;
The joys for which you vainly pine,
How can you give to me ?
Upon your path no light can shine,
'Tis black with misery!"

The cripple cried, "Not so! you lack
The light that's mine this day,
I've made these baskets, on my back,
And thus despair's accursed attack
I've foiled and turned away!
Hope dwells within my lonely cot,
The years go calmly by,
For I'm contented with my lot,
And not afraid to die!

Come, share the work I do alone,
And you shall share my gains?
You'll always find, when duty's done,
That sweet content remains;

'Tis sloth that lurks apart to groan
With self inflicted pains;
'Tis greed for what we do not own
That loads us down with chains!"

The tramp sprang upward with a bound,
He seemed to understand:
"At last" he cried, "a friend I've found,
Though I'm disgraced and banned,
Who lifts me upward from the ground,
And grasps my guilty hand!

O you, poor man, have faced the tide,
While I, with sturdy frame,
Drew back in fear, my face to hide
In hate's consuming flame,—
O now my eyes you open wide,
You cover me with shame!"

He eased the cripple of his load,
That bent him down with pain;
He gently helped him on the road,
He proved to him the debt he owed,
And smiled with hope again.

THE LITTLE BUTCHER'S WOOING.

Ye timid men who wish to wed,
But fear to speak the word,
In grumbling at your fate, instead,
While fair-ones wait your words unsaid,
Your actions are absurd!
Go, get your cage, then show your head,
And whistle for your bird!

This question-popping's easily done,
And those with pluck to try it on,
I'm told, succeed quite well.—
To show how maiden's hearts are won,
And how they help along the fun,
An anecdote I'll tell:—

A little butcher, fat and round,
Whose tender-loins were sweet,
Whose business principles were sound,
Once flourished and grew quite renowned:
For, in the fractions of a pound,
He never used deceit.

Now, he was getting rich with speed,
His drawers were full of cash;
Said he, one day, "A wife I need;
A wife who'd be a wife indeed,
But, if I act too rash,
I perhaps might choose and but succeed
In getting one filled with a greed
For dress and foolish dash;
One who, herself, might wish to lead,
And lead us both to smash!"

He did not go abroad to seek,
But carefully, week after week,
He cast a business eye
On each fair maid, with blushing cheek,
Who, modestly and shy,
Came in to purchase juicy steak
For their Mamas to fry.

He made no love to them, not he,
He let no tender flame
Put wise reserve to shame,
But kept his ready heart quite free
To fire, in its entirety,
When he had found his game.

He marked their every look and word,
 Their carriage and their gait;
He gave an ear to all he heard,
And trifles, that might seem absurd,
 All exercised their weight;
But, when his head and heart concurred,
The little man no more demurred,
 But yielded to his fate.

“Now, there’s the tailor’s daughter fair,”
 He said, “the merry Rose,
I do believe my heart is there,
 To her will I propose!”

Well, in she came one morning bright—
 Our butcher was alone—
He waited on her with delight,
She smiled—he blushed with all his might,
 And speech, alas, was gone!
Have pity on the fellow’s plight!
 The same you might have done.

He took her hand: his eyes said, “Stay?”
 He gazed with warm regard;
“Now, Butcher” said the maiden gay,
 “Why do you thus retard
My steps? Now just you go away!”

In answer, all that he could say
Was: "Rose, can you make lard?"

She laughed: "O what a thing to ask!"
Warmth filled her merry eye:
"I never—never had the task,
I don't know—I can try!"

"O Rose I see you understand!"
He cried, "You're mine for life!
Here, take your little butcher's hand?"
She shook it; while her face he scanned,
And knew he'd won a wife.

Now timid men who wish to wed,
But fear to speak the word,
Say what the little butcher said,
And don't appear absurd
By grumbling at your fate instead,
No! Get your cage, then show your head,
And whistle for your bird!

A SHORT JOURNEY.

Aroused from quiet rest, before the dawn,
We gain the car, checked briefly, on its way,
And see the Summer morn in beauty rise.
What joy to ride on rails of shining steel,
By the huge motor swiftly steamed along,
O'er fertile plains in varied culture decked,
Through dense-grown groves, where gaps amid
the green

Let in the dazzling out-posts of the day!
How full the slumberous grandeur of the scene!
Bathed in the sun-warmed ether all earth smiles
With dreams of fruitage; while our rushing train,
With clamorous inroads on this reign of Calm,
Cleaves the deep silence, pushing either side,
Vast waves of sound, which roll through wood
and hill

The startled echoes waking into life
To chase our bold disturber on its way.
Still on we go: the sun of evening now
Doth seem to gather in, like glowing threads,
Its furthest reaching rays of golden light;

While shadow follows to possess the land.—
Westward, behold! the glow intensifies;
The backward reflex of a further dawn.

Consider, now, how like, is our short trip,
To the career that Man desires through life;
In confidence and joy to speed along
With hope the same, though wild the storm
without;

As when upon our way the sunshine smiles;
With souls like ours to-day to borrow light,
When light is by, and give it forth again
To those who grope amid their gathered gloom;
And thus to hurry on, amid Mankind,
Until our time and place to stop has come,
Then, blessing all the friends made on our way,
Who travel still a little further on,
Step down to earth again, in hope, alone.



SHE LAUGHED IN HER SLEEVE.

With fun I'm nearly dying,
When lovers come to sigh;
O, if you saw them trying
Their plans to please my eye!—
But while they strive to capture
My heart, in webs they weave,
I only feel the rapture
Of laughing in my sleeve.

O, they can't catch me napping,
My heart is free as air!
To have success in trapping
Game, let them seek, elsewhere!
In truth they need much schooling,
Their vows I can't believe,
I know they're only fooling,
While laughing in my sleeve.

JANEY'S LOVER.

A lawyer, newly fledged, sat in distress,
And sighed to wear the bright wings of success;
He viewed his barren parchment on the wall,
And feared his landlord's urgent business call,
Now at his door he hears a timid tap;
He feels his heart against his lean ribs rap
With joyous force; for he in fancy sees
The fair proportions of his maiden fees,
"Come in!" he cries,—now in his entrance stands
A young man just in town from farming-lands.
Our friend arises, dignified and grand,
And to the stranger stretches out his hand,
"Ah! walk right in?" he says, "and, let me say,
I'm very glad you've caught me in to-day—"
"What?" cries the stranger, backing to the door,
"A sprig like you run this 'ere legal-store?"
"Why —yes!" our lawyer says "the rule is good:
'Young men for action,' That's well understood."
"Ah!" said the rustic, "then we'll both agree,
Start up one, will you, right away for me?
I chanced to see yer sign an' come to you,
I want you, now, to put the thing right through!"

"Be seated?" says the lawyer, "I will see—
Five dollars, sir is my retaining fee."

"Oh!" says the man, "I'll pay my dues—I'm
able!"

He quickly claps the money on the table;
The lawyer takes it, with an inward grin,
Pulls down his vest and puts the money in,
Then tells the simple stranger to begin,
"All right" he says, "to start the proper way
Just book my name in full?—It's Peter May,
Now Boss, I don't want no one else to hear
My yarn—I think thar's some one hoverin' near?"
"No danger," says the lawyer, "None at all;
It's only people walking through the hall,"
"All right—here goes.—I went to see a gal
In Browertown, right up by the canal;
I live close by an' had n't fur to go—
Now, her folks think that I'm a little slow,
They've stuffed her with such humbug about me
That she's got kind o' stiffish, don't you see;
She told me what they sed, the night I quit,
And kind o' half believed them, so we split;
They sed that I'd no grit, was easy skeered,
An' told her I could never grow a beard—
Now just you take a look? That pint I'll smash!
I've gone to work a raisin' a mustache!—

Yes, an' they told her she 'must shake the gawk
Who'd never make his mark except with chalk!'—
An' that I'd take her on our weddin' towr
By the canal, at half a mile an hour—
That I'd not rid on steam-rails in my life,
An' would n't do it, nor allow my wife—
They even sed I thought the cars might bust
When I heard that—well, I just kind o' cussed!—
They knowed that they was lyin from the fust!
You see, it hurts a feller now-adays
To git his name up for old fashioned ways—
It was a burnin' shame, I'll always say,
To choke my gal off in that crooked way!
But countin' all, the one that's most to blame
Is Ike Van Nore—that's right put down his name—
He's my little Janey's second cousin,
Round her, full-blast, he's lately bin a buzzin';
Her folks have given him the inside track,
He's their own stock, an' on his willin' back
They want to bind their acres! That's a fack!
Now, Janey kind o' liked my quiet way,
An' she'd be wearin' yet my ring to-day,
If Ike Van Nore had only kep' away!
Now just to seal their bargain they will take
My Janey's heart! Oh! it's a goin' to break!
I'll stop 'em Boss!—You tell me what to do?

I want to buy some law—put some one through,
Oh! just go in—I'll do what's fair by you!"

"Yes, yes;" the lawyer cries, with eager face,
"Depend on me—I understand your case:—
First, I'll arraign that scoundrally Van Nore
For libel! thus I'll start our legal war,
Second, The young girl's father I'll arrest
For circulating slanders unrepressed!
Third, I'll put his wife in joint defense!
Costs you no more and runs up their expense,
Fourth, a suit 'gainst Janey then I bring
For breach of promise! she returned your ring.
Fifth, I'll charge the whole conspiring crew
With plots, against the law, to injure you!
Sixth,—"Hold on!" the staggered rustic cries,
As to his feet he springs with frightened eyes,
That's just about enough, for once, I guess,
An' don't you think that we could do with less?"

"With less?" the lawyer asks, "Would I begin
These cases if I thought I could n't win?—
Come, my dear fellow, victory is sweet—
I'll bring these people down beneath your feet!"

The rustic shakes his head and says no more,
But turns and slowly walks towards the door;
The lawyer thus by showing forth his scheme
Awakes his client from an ugly dream.

“One moment—wait?” he cries, I want to know—”
The rustic says; “Just let the thing stand so!
The money that I’ve given you is yours,
You’ve dosed my folly with the best of cures
For now I know exactly how I stand
An’ even though I lose my Janey’s hand
I’ll do her folks no damage for her sake!
I’ve dodged the ragged edge of my mistake!
An’ now, if Janey marries Ike Van Nore—
Well—she may do as gals have done before,
Just take to him, an’ think of me no more—
But, though he shows he likes her every day,
He’ll never have my feelings—that I’ll say!”
The lawyer meets the rustic’s eye to see
The simple light of true nobility,
Which out through gathered moisture gleams, to
 prove
The pure unselfish attributes of love!
“Well done!” the lawyer says, “Your plan is best.
To do what you think right, and risk the rest!
Hark! another sound outside the door;
It opens while they listen, as before,
And, look! there comes, in-walking, Ike Van Nore—
“O Pete! he cries, “out there I heard you speak—
I’ve found that you’re a man—an’ I’m a sneak!
I seen you passin’ Janey’s, comin’ down,

An' like a cur I dogged you into town—
Oh! now I feel so small! You showed to me
My plain straight duty that I could n't see!—
Pete, I have lied about you all along,
A thinkin' all men done it—I was wrong!
I'm goin' to set you right this very day—
Come back with me to Janey's? will you—say?
She's cried a lot, Pete, since you went away—
Oh, say you'll come; I'll see the thing clear through!
I'll show them all how mean I've been to you!"
Their hands are clasped. In choking voice and low,
Pete says, "All right, don't say no more, I'll go!"
Both to the lawyer turn, no word they say,
But press his nervous hand and haste away.
Now, they are gone, upon the lawyer's face
Mild lines of meditation we may trace;
The pure joy of his client now he shares;
No blot the first page of his docket bears!



ANTHEM OF FREEDOM.

Hark to the echoes! the millions are singing

The Song of a nation united in duty!

Hark! the loud joy-notes o'er mountains are
ringing—

Behold the green hill-sides now laugh in their
beauty!

Joy fills the plains where rich verdure is springing;

Hark! Hark to a nation united in duty!

Hail happy land where bright Freedom is dwell-
ing!

Hail! hail to the hearts that in triumph sus-
tain it!

Blest be the heroes, all dangers repelling,

Who yielded their life blood for loved ones to
gain it,

Hark! the glad anthem of Freedom is swelling!

Hail? Hail to the hearts that in triumph sus-
tain it!

BLINDNESS.

An old blind man, who was not always blind,
Filled with remorse, seeks, in his native place,
The trusting hearts he turned from years ago:
Where they were wont to be none now he finds,
And from his heart the cry comes forth! "All gone!
O ye strangers, tell me—tell me where?—
Come, Mary, come!—you could forgive me now—
Now that the circling sun brings me no morn—
O let me lean upon you?—guide my steps,
Weakened by weight of retributive years,
That I may know your with me once again!
Let—let me feel our children—bid them call—
Yes, bid them call me Father! Mary tell—
O tell them to forgive for pity's sake!"—
He waits and calls—he waits and calls again,
But backward to his quickened hearing comes
Naught but the echo of his broken voice;
He bows his head—he feels that he's alone
And from his sightless eyes the tear-drops fall.
Ah! moisture comes too late to flowers whose roots
Are shriveled up and blasted by neglect.
Filled with despair, he cries for some kind hand

To take him to his loved ones ere he dies.
The passers-by, not knowing how to grant
The wish that forms the burden of his moan,
Deem him demented as they move away.
Now, listening to his voice, a little child
Turns from her simple play to guide his steps;
Her thoughtless wisdom, passing that of age,
Gives her the light to know what path to take—
She leads him by his trembling hand to where
The grave-yard's silent habitations are,
And feels that she has answered his request.
Yes! there he finds his loved-one's resting-place;
For though his eyes—his rayless blinded eyes—
Can never see their long-untended graves,
Yet still at last he finds them; for he gropes
From stone to stone, with eager palsied hands,
Until their chiseled names traced out at length
Tell him how near they are beneath the clay.
See there! the child plucks blossoms by the path
And sings with joy while woe kneels dumb beside.

"DIED IN THE HOSPITAL."

A NEWS ITEM.

The morning paper comes; these words we read,
"Shot in a drunken row,"—We take no heed,
But pass it by, news of more note, to find;
And soon the words are banished from the mind.
Let's pause for once, and trace the mad career
Of him who's fate's so briefly noticed here?
"Shot in a drunken row," and taken where
Each sufferer gets the same unceasing care.

Upon a bed the wretched victim lay:
A bearded man with hair just touched with gray.
The ministering Sister's prayers to Heaven arise,
That saving grace may reach him ere he dies.
She whispered in his ear; he shook his head,
And then in low despairing accents said,
"A Priest," you say, "for me?" No, No! Too late!
I've lived the life, I can't avert the fate!
"God will forgive" you say, "if I repent"
'Tis useless now, he knows the heart's intent;
Will my weak words—of fear—life ebbing fast—
Atone for all the reckless years I've passed?

Sister, let no one come—here let me die
With only you to close my sightless eye!—
I'll tell you why I'm here, estranged of God,
That other men may shun the path I've trod;
And, when you tell them of my life and fate,
Their acts may prove repentance, ere too late.
My wretched end's in keeping with my life:
Shot by a drunken friend in bar-room strife!
Curst be the vile companions of the night!
Curst be the rum that bound our compact tight!
Vainly the victim tries to burst each chain,
Alas! 'tis useless: they but tighter strain!
I would to God I could recall the day
When from my island home I came away!
And let new life again from that day start,
With each sworn pledge unbroken in my heart!
Upon that morning, on the jutting pier
Stood the few friends who to my heart were dear,
I felt my father's blessing on my head,
And on my cheek the tears my mother shed;
I felt my loving sister's last embrace:
My sweet-heart's kiss was burning on my face;
My trembling hand which truest friends had
 wrung,
The gathering moisture from my eye-lids flung;
While towards my home I gazed, with dimming
 eye,

Till all had vanished, save the sea and sky.
Why leave them all—the ones I love the best ?
Where was I bound ? of what was I in quest ?
Ambition's voice into my willing ear
Had whispered, "Youth, go seek a broader
sphere !"

The ship in safety reached the destined port,
The loud salute boomed from the harmless fort,
The bright sun smiled upon the rippling bay,
And on the vessel 'twas a joyous day.
We reach the pier, expectant friend meets friend,
While shouts of joy on every side ascend,
And buoyed with hope—my fortune in my hand—
I step upon ambition's promised land.
Ah ! weak—weak minded—dazzled by the glare
Of the great city, I kept loitering there,
Instead of pushing forward to the West,
Where blessings wait the man who does his best !
I wrote a few brief letters home, at first,
But soon I ceased—ashamed to tell the worst—
The worst ! O sister, evil was the day
When from my humble home I strayed away ;
Look at me now ! Behold my wretched end :
A poor weak minded sot without a friend !
They sought me once—an honest youth—to sell
Their liquor in a gilded gambling—"hell"—
Oh, fatal step ! I took the offered place

That downward led to misery and disgrace.

I there became—inevitable fate!—

A rogue, a drunkard and a profligate.

I once heard news from home : My father
dead—

My mother dying; and my sweet-heart wed;

My orphan sister breaking strangers' bread—

But, oh! My heart was like a flinty stone

Light was my grief; so callous had I grown.

For years I've tossed upon dark passion's sea

A moral wreck! no future hope for me!

Lost—lost! I've spurned the hands held out to
save,

And now I'm drifting to a pauper's grave!

Ah—sister—look! the wound accursed bleeds—

What damp is this that on my forehead beads?

Mother—kind mother—wipe my chilly brow!

Father—O father! come and bless me now!

They come not—no—when they on me relied,

I cared not how they lived nor how they
died!—

O sister, stay!—For me no priest—no prayer!

Nothing—nothing now but black despair!

Ah!—Bring a light!—How dark!—A light!—
A light!

Where are you?—Ah! your hand!—good night!—
good night!"

His soul had fled unto its God away—
Upon the couch lay stretched but lifeless clay !
The sister, veiling the dark rigid face,
Retired with moistened eye and noiseless pace
“He died as he had lived,” and side by side
With those who strayed like him and like him
died
They laid him down: a moral suicide.



O FAIR PASSAIC !

A SONG.

O fair Passaic, loved place of birth,
I've sailed o'er many a sea,
And now, O dearest spot on earth,
I turn once more to thee !
Oft on thy banks, in dreams afar,
I've stood, alas ! to wake
And look with sighs on some bright star
That gleamed o'er fair Passaic.

While by thy side in happy days
I caught the morning beams,
And in thy tide could sit and gaze,
O loveliest of streams !
I little knew, as time should glide,
The luring world would break
Sweet ties that bound me to thy side,
My bright—my fair Passaic !

Once more I stand upon the spot
For which my heart did yearn.

They live ! They live ! Look, from the cot,
They hail their child's return !
Our tears of joy are falling fast—
No more will I forsake
The loved ones I embrace at last,
Beside the fair Passaic.



TERRY READS A LOVE LETTER.

*Enter TERRY brushing coat and whistling.**TERRY (pausing at his work.)*

Shure, now I think me masther is in love.
 He's just as sentimental as a dove;
 He sighs an' groans an' looks up at the sky,
 Like farmers whin the weather is too dhry.

*(As he brushes coat a note drops from
 one of the pockets. He picks it up and
 smells it.)*

Hello! what's this? A sinted note! now, there!
 I was quite right—he is in love, I'd swear!—
 It has no seal—I'll have to take a peep—
 Should I? Yes, I must!—I could n't sleep—
 He'd just as soon I'd know—he has airs—
 He likes to know about my love affairs!—
 Well here goes now—Oh is n't it delightin'
 When by sweet larnin's help we can read writin'!

*(Looks to see that he is not observed
 and then opens the note and reads,*

“O maiden wid the tindher eye,
 Bright spectacle an which to muse!

I'll tear my hair or shurely die
If you my suit refuse,"

Faith, I can't understand it? Let me see—
What can the meanin' o' the first line be?
He says, "O maiden wid the tindher eye,"
That's quare!—Ah! now I see the raison why,
She only has but one! That's it, yes, yes,
A tindher one at that—I'm right I guess
Ah, in what trouble must the cratur be—
Too bad!—But what comes next, now, let me see?
"Bright spectacle an which to muse?" Its plain
That she wears specks, poor thing to aise her pain,
What's this? "I'll tear my hair or shurely die?"
He'll do just what he says, she may rely:—
Ha, ha, ha! he'll tear his hair or dye it!
Shure he's far gone—an' he might aisly thry it,
Ha, ha!—but murther! this I must n't lose—
Ho! Ho: he says: "If you my suit refuse?"
His suit? His suit? ha, ha! Do I mistake it?
No thim's the words—an' faith, I think she'd take
it!

Never was offer made so moighty stupid;
No time in all the history o' Cupid!
A man that says that he'll pull out his hair
Or dye it if his comin' wife won't wear

The trousers that are his by all that's fair!
Augh! that's too much to stand! But, then, I
think

This comes of makin' love wid pen an' ink,
Forever, while my tongue is in its place,
I'll meet the cunnin' darlents face to face;
An' never thrust to aither ink or pen
When warm, live, lovin' words their hearts can
win!—

Ah! My masther callin'!—There's the note
Safe back deep in the pocket of his coat—
Comin', sir!—Oh why can he not be
Just cute enough to ax advoce from me!
I'd teach him how to win the heart o' woman—
He's callin' me again—Yes, sir!—I comin'!

(*Exit* TERRY.)



HOLIDAY PREPARATIONS.

Things are quite lively everywhere;
Men, birds and beasts alike prepare,
All working in their various ways,
To cater for the holidays;
Fat turkeys now pluck out their quills
And quite politely write their wills,
Spring chickens plump prepare for dressing,
To be at table for the blessing.
Young bucks propose to join the fun;
Leap from their skins and take a run
Into gravy and venison;
And steers, just for the season's sake,
Do not object to make a steak;
While all good folks, to make life pleasant,
Prepare for making many a present;
And all things move just as they should,
By sacrifice performing good—
Now, this should be well understood!

TRUE FAME AND FALSE.

"Fame is on swift wings of terror spread,
See! quivering lips speak most the name they
dread.

Fame frowns at noble deeds, but smiles on crime."
Ambition thus prompts power throughout all time.

Can it be true? Do men, like beasts of prey,
Pounce on the weak, and gain a horrid sway,
To have fame sing them in another day?
Will fame awake her song and smiling stand
Holding such monsters by their bloody hand?
Not so! the fame that wakes by despot's throne
Is false—the feeble echo of a groan!
Let history speak! she, from her towering hight,
Scans every age and judges it aright;
Upon her page trace out the black career
Of him who seeks for fame through wrong and
fear;
Who loosens on the weak his war-trained bands,
And cuts a ghastly trail through peaceful lands.
See there the woe the outrage and the shame
A bloody sodden earth; a sky of flame;

And all to force the world to breathe the spoiler's
name.

Read how, the conquest o'er, he seeks to rear
A high presumptuous pile into the air;
How prostituted art yields to his scheme,
And shows him forms that match his brightest
dream!

Read how his slaves, the harvest of his crime,
Uplift the walls with which he'd laugh at time;
And how the master's lash amid their groans
Goads them still on to heap the blood-stained
stones

Till, harnessed to their load, they fall to death,
Using for bitter curses their last breath!
How, turning to the pile ere life has fled,
They call down vengeance on its founder's head!
All this we read: tracing the course that's run
When, fettered peace and guarded luxury won,
Discipline relaxed vice raging on,
The despot's acts, exemplified through the state,
Sap virtue's roots and sign his coming fate;
When round his throne there comes a stormy
time

And crime's own weapon strikes the heart of crime!
Thus history's Moral with her theme doth blend,
For retribution marks the tyrant's end:
He falls and o'er his bones fierce factions rage;

His empire's spoils their eager hands engage;
While the false fame that wove his bloody shroud
Seeks other dupes among the warring crowd.

Where are his tall-reared monuments of crime?
Stand they not still to point us to his time?
No—they are gone! They're stricken from on high,
Down in the dust their shattered fragments lie,
Enigmas sad beneath the savant's eye.
All he has gained for his ambitious rage
Is one ensanguined stain on history's page!
Where stands this warning forth in bold relief:—
Beware Ambition! bloody fame is brief!
True Fame, firm-based on good done to Mankind,
Lives through all time in loving hearts enshrined!



THE ACTOR'S PHILOSOPHY.

I met an actor on the train,
He was in talking mood,
He rattled on in lively strain,
He mimiced cunning men and vain;
His humor did me good,
He said, "Not only on the stage
Do men go through their parts,
But when their deeds we rightly guage,
We find they walk, from youth to age,
With masks upon their hearts.

Just watch the politician place
His bait for catching votes,
See how he bows, with smiling face,
And talks with condescending grace,
To men with ragged coats;
Look how he gives to them his hand;
He hopes to be repaid,
He would not for a moment stand,
But that the future he has planned
Requires their humble aid.

And there's your grasping man, whose heart
The love of gold contains,
Whose principles from profits start,
And go unchallenged on the mart,
In view of further gains;
He plays one part, and one alone,
That's all he ever tried;
He gets more pay than me I'll own,
But then I'll bet, when I am done,
I'll feel more satisfied.

But there's a kind of chap I know,
Who works with heart and brain,
Who, though his breast be wrung with woe,
Will to his duty smiting go,
And never show his pain:
Whose friendship, like the sunshine clear,
Unshadowed by a doubt,
Shines on undimmed from year to year;
The weak to cheer; to dry the tear,
And scatter joys about.

Life may be dark, but through it all,
If but our hearts are right,
If we stand ready for our call,
Then, be our parts however small,
We'll get our share of light.

Hello ! I've talked till—Here we are,
Your journey's at an end !
Just wait—I'll see you from the car—
"Stop over?" Not to-day—Ta, ta,
My good—My Noble Friend !—
Say?—Though my speech is cut, now see
And don't forget the text,
And if you don't—well, I'll agree,
If you should wish, that it shall be
Continued in our next."

I shook his hand, and left the car
To seek my settled home;
The genial actor speeds afar,
Unscathed by life's contentious jar,
Though doomed the earth to roam:
And well I know he'll prove to all
That, if our hearts are right,
And if we're faithful to our call,
Then, be our parts however small,
We'll get our share of light.

RAVAGES OF TOIL.

Where bright Passaic, down from the rocks,
 Into the gulf goes leaping,
A poor old man, with feeble form,
 For hours sat sadly weeping;
A little merry bright-eyed girl,
 Who o'er the grass went skipping,
Now paused to hear some distant sound,
 Then to his seat came tripping;

“Grandpa,” she said, “let us go home?
 I hear the shop-bells ringing
And look? the birds from distant woods
 Their homeward way are winging,”
“Ah, Carrie dear!” the old man said,
 “The birds fly home in gladness,
But, when we turn to go to ours,
 My heart is filled with sadness;

Your father, child, no more is there
 To give us kindly greeting
He sleeps in death before his time—
 Alas! his years were fleeting;

He strove so hard to give us bread;
He knew, while he was working
The long—long hours, that seeds of death
In his weak frame was lurking.

He died—his savings paid the men
Whose skill had failed to aid him,
And left enough to dig the grave
In which, at last, we laid him,
Beside your mother, child, he sleeps,
His soul with her's rewarded;
For joys proportioned to life's woes
To freed souls are accorded,"

'Mid stifled sobs the little girl
Said : "Grandpa, we're alone now,
You are weak and I am strong,
Just see how tall I've grown now?
Let me go to the mill to work?
There 're girls as young as me there,"
She smoothed his scanty locks and said,
"May I not work for thee there?"

"Never!" the old man cried, "My child,
Your father and your mother
Were victims of regardless toil,
You shall not be another!

Some men, made rich by willing hands,
Love not their humble neighbor;
I'd rather see you dead, my child,
Than tortured by their labor!

The twilight shades were deepening fast
As, homeward from the river,
Grandsire and grand-child moved with trust
In an Almighty giver.
O may the men with strength to rear
The fabric of our nation
Repel in time the hands that dare
To weaken its foundation!



WEDLOCK.

A DIALOGUE.

FREDERICK *is discovered, alone, reading.*

FREDERICK.

Such learned folly wisest men can write !
This one, in grave sententious style, asserts
That true love still exists upon the earth,
And holds dominion o'er humanity;
That with it Joy, attendant hand-maid, walks,
While woe, that else would crush the feeble heart,
Looks powerless from afar and dare not act.
So runs the flattering tenor of his theme—
As if mankind were but a race of doves.
To bill and coo, to mate and multiply—
Away with him !

*(Throws book aside and takes up
another one.*

This is the man for me !
He somewhere shows that passion, miscalled love,
Brings all the ills which strike humanity—

(Looks over the book.

Enter ARTHUR.

ARTHUR.

Ah! Frederick, at your books? come rouse yourself—

Come look around—it's time you chose a wife!
Nigh forty years you've seen and still your heart
Beats coldly on unwarmed by woman's love.

FREDERICK.

Now, Arthur, well you know I'd rather live
In freedom thus, than struggle to obtain
The ideal partner pictured in my dreams;
For, by the fervid impulse hurried on,
I might instead draw to my heart a bane,
And groan through shortened years in misery.
Arthur, your luck was chance; and I could show
That for the one by marriage blessed like you
Hundreds there are curst by its bonds for life.

ARTHUR.

Well, go on Fred, go on and prove your case,
While I will champion the other side,
And try to answer every argument
You bring against the marriage state.

FREDERICK.

Just as you say—your challenge I accept ?
And now I'll prove you that your happiness
Is but the rare exception to my rule:—
That wedlock frowns at love and nurses hate.
When passion's potent whisper fires the heart,
And bids the brain to its dictates to conform,
Then are the eyes of calm discernment closed,
And woman faultless shines in angel's mould;
Thus, on her beauty's frail and fading charm,
Man's blind impassioned love is weakly based;
And ere the fond infatuated twain
Startled awake from sleepless dreams of joy
Wedlock has bound them with its clanking chains,
Then, when reality stares them in the face,
And common imperfections they behold,
The short-lived spells that lured them for a time
Are broken all ! Attraction vanishes—
And in the void left by each heart's recoil
Grim Folly sits and reigns in Reason's stead !
Then is invoked the home's most deadly foe,
Accursed Reproach—who with a grin of scorn,
Stirs up the venom of each bursting heart,
And tramples o'er the cherished blooms of life !
Last comes Indifference, who, with icy breath,
Inbreathes a bitter coldness to their hearts,
And leaves their home a scene of desolation !

ARTHUR.

Bravo! I vow your vivid fancy draws
A picture worthy of some tragic play,
And needing only verity to give
That human interest which invites success:
For, mark, you hold that all love passion is,
And here the ancient slander reassert
That love is blind.—Away with such a claim!
Its plagued inventors, to their lasting shame,
On woman looked as but a soulless slave
That ministered to the pleasures of an hour.
How stand their sons to-day? Look where the
gloom

Of enervating passion still endures,
And trace their weakly strugglings to the light,
Beneath the load of that inheritance!—
O Frederick! let us prove that love can see
The virtues fair that form its lasting bonds,
And know that woman's greater charms are those
Which in the air of freedom springing forth
Make her the guardian angel of the world!

FREDERICK.

Come, come, now Arthur, while you freely charge
That I have over-drawn in showing forth
The dark shades that are seen and whispered of,

You over step the bounds the other way;
For, from the bright horizon of your home
There comes forth warming beams to move your
mind,
And all the Sex, tranfigured in the glow,
Gleam with the borrowed lustre of your joy.
In truth within my brief experience,
With women bright as sunbeams I have met,
Only to find them baneful as the ray
That, in the South-land, scorches while it smiles!
You've seen a fortress with bright banners raised,
High up on useless bulwarks, full in sight,
Which lured the dupe, from some more worthy
prize,
To dally in its fruitless vicinage;
You've seen the gates that stood in seeming
strength,
Drop from their gilded hinges at his touch,
And bear him down a victim of deceit?

ARTHUR.

Yes, I have seen it all—you truly paint
The end of dark deceit's engenderings—
You ably prove that he's most easily caught
Who is himself in close pursuit of prey!

FREDERICK.

Wait, wait! You judge me wrongly! I will make
My argument so plain that e'en a child
Could, if 't were willing, easily understand:
I claim that those high virtues you extol,
If they exist upon this hollow earth,
Vain fashion with its gaudy mask conceals,
For in their little round of shallow show
Alike the true and false and pure and vile
Move masquerading onward ceaselessly.—
Now, if you have a gift to read strange hearts,
And no mere chance has brought you your success,
Tell me the secret—will you—that I too
May choose aright and thus be blessed like you?

ARTHUR.

Frederick, seriously, I'll tell you all
That any man need do to safely guide
His longing heart to Wedlock's sacred shrine:
The gift of sight he first must calmly use,
While pondering well the path ere he proceed;
Which done he need not fear that empty show,
That doth obtrude itself but to deceive,
Can ever hold his hands before his eyes.
He who would wed should well respect himself,
Then seek the maid he deems his truest friend,

And mutual love will sweetly bloom serene
From the pure warmth of friendship's fullness
 sprung;
And, if in soil of real manliness
Her love has life, 'twill live through every storm !

FREDERICK.

*(After a pause, taking ARTHUR'S
 hand.*

Arthur, though unconvinced by your defence,
Your honest words crowd in upon my mind
Thoughts like a tide from seas yet unexplored;
And now I'll venture out beyond the shoals,
And sound, with more of hope than fear, the
 depths
Then if I find the pearl I see in dreams
I'll wear it here—upon my heart for life.



THE ANGEL'S SOLILOQUY.

Earth's lightnings and her thunders, playing free,
Make her poor mortals tremble on their globe.

But if their planet's vapors they could probe,
Or here in the illumined Zenith be,

Oh what a bright contrasting peace they'd see:

No air to stir—no cloud to damp the robe
That holds by viewless strands each pendant lobe
Swung by Almighty hand eternally.

Then might they fix their hearts in trust above,

With Faith's sweet spirit exorcising fear,
Reposing in the One who can remove

The fretful exhalations of their sphere;
And free their eager souls, instinct with love,
From clogs of earth: making their vision clear.

GUARD WELL!

Guard well our little girls and boys!
Let no dark sorrow's traces
Cloud their bright beaming faces,
O let them laugh amid their toys!
O let them breath youth's purest joys,
Cheered by our fond embraces!
Give them the wealth no moth destroys,
Before they fill our places!

Then when our time has come to go
We'll hold no bitter feeling,
But bless them, by us kneeling,
And die in peace, content to know
Our tended plants will upright grow,
No canker-worm concealing;
That, reared by love, they'll bud and blow,
In time love's fruits revealing.

THE RICH MAN'S DREAM.

One evening as I sat, filed with the cares
Entailed by even prosperous affairs,
I leaned upon my box of bonds and mused,
I thought "We millionaires are much ill-used,
What tedious labor this for me to do;
To cut off coupons every time they're due!"
But then I thought, "My work is not so bad,
To take my place how many would be glad?
Imagining that they would happier be
Commanding wealth and hosts of friends like me."
I felt a drowsy feeling o'er me creep,
I bent down o'er my bonds and fell asleep:
I dreamed that I was poor; that all had gone
Which I'd possessed. Deserted and alone,
I lay stretched sick in some dark wretched place,
While by my side I saw no kindly face,
Vanished were the friends that I'd possessed
Not one of all the host had stood the test—
Surrounding squallor mocked my former state
I groaned the victim of a cruel fate
"O God!" I cried, "is there no succor nigh!
O am I left unthought of here to die!

See how the world, now that my wealth has gone,
Neglects and spurns the hand it fawned upon!"
E'en as I groaned a radiance warm and bright
Dispelled the darkness of my vision's night
A fair form rose before my raptured view,
And sweetly smiling, said, "I'll succor you!"
"Fair Maiden, who art thou?" entranced I cried,
"Who like an angel seeks my poor bed-side?"
She said, "Speak not—be patient and I'll raise
You from your woe to yet see happy days!—
You'll know me by the acts I do, alone!"
She touched my burning eye-lids and was gone—
But Oh! the gentle touch of her soft hand
Ope'd to my soul the portals of her land,
And there I saw wrecks, like myself, that lay
Cared for by ministering-virgins night and day,
Who, tireless, gave to them, without a sigh,
Strength yet to live, or hope with which to die;
And over all, on noiseless wings and slow,
The angel moved who raised me from my woe—
"Fair form!" I cried, "I know, now, whom thou
art!

Bright Charity! sent down to warm the heart!
I see—I see the land wherein you reign—
The ceaseless efforts made to ease all pain!
I see the ones made sacred by your hand

Bring peace and sweet good-will where e'er they
stand !

O Charity, thrice blessed ! I'll ne'er again
Of God's bright world in bitterness complain;
For, though deserted by each hollow friend,
Your sisters will sustain me to the end !
Through you, by faith, earth's light and heaven's
blend !"

She vanished with a smile upon her face
That cheered as with bright sunshine all the place.
With eyes yet dazzled by her parting beam,
I woke from sleep to find it all a dream;
I looked upon my wealth whose charm had fled,
I thought upon my warning dream, and said:
"Such wealth I cannot take beyond the grave;
I'll spend it in good works thus all I'll save,
And tranquilly I'll journey down life's hill,
And when I die, O, I'll have riches still!"



SAINT JOHN'S ALTAR-CLOTH.

Look back through years and years and see the
light

Forming a radiant halo in the gloom—
There in the midst, within her humble room,
A pale young maiden works, throughout the night,
Upon a shining fabric snowy-white.

Seeks she to deck earth's beauty? Does she toil,
And give her strength, to gain a worldly dole?
Ah, no! she meekly burns the mid-night oil,
And yields her life in labor for her soul.

And now they come to ask her why she stays
To toil, while other toilers close their eyes.—
Behold? the cloth she 'broiders meets their gaze;
They see, beneath her touch, the flowers that
rise
Up from its snow, and stand in mute surprise.

Ah! but she marks each anxious look, each sigh:
She feels the shadow of their fearful thought,

And cries, " O, let me work with sleepless eye !

 This altar-cloth by my weak hand is wrought
But for the glory of our Lord on high—
O let me end my task before I die !

In silence and in tears, they turn away,

 And leave her there alone to labor on;
But, O, at last there comes for them the day
They've waited, and they see their loved-one's clay
 At rest and tranquil; all her work is done—
 Her soul exulting from the earth has flown.

Still decks the altar of her love so fair,

 That holy cloth she 'broidered long ago,
 When days of joy reflect an added glow
On souls who wait in true devotion there.

O Faithful Souls, when you behold it shine,

 As sunbeams stooping linger while they move
Across its gathered flowers and branching vine,
 O say a prayer for her, who filled with love,
Wrought, with her dying hand, its pure design !

**SAVIOUR THROUGH THE VALLEY
GUIDE ME.**

Saviour, through the valley guide me,
Upward from the clouds of night!
Saviour, darkness cannot hide Thee;
I behold Thy beacon light,
Saviour, ties of Earth, so galling,
Hold me down, away from Thee,
Saviour, Saviour, hear me calling!
Come, O come and set me free!

Saviour, full of hope I'm kneeling,
Waiting for Thy tender call;
Trusting in Thy word revealing
Love undying for us all;
O Thy light, upon us falling,
Warms our souls with love for Thee:
Saviour, O, I hear Thee calling!
Thou art come to set me free!

THE LAMP OF TRUTH.

Truth onward moves, with ever-open eyes,
And flashes still her lamp through pagan night,
Though some, who read not her fair name aright,
Would bar her way with sordid enterprise:
She bids cowed men from prone inertness rise;
And guided from their slavery, by her light,
They see the confines of their clouds grow bright,
Through the torn veils of their idolatries.

Yet will they turn back wonderingly and gaze
Upon their fallen gods, no more sustained,
And marvel at the strangely erring ways
Their groping souls had wandered, unrestrained;
Then up from earth their new-taught eyes they'll
raise,
And pray to hold the light their souls have
gained.

MY LOVELY LITTLE DEARS !

A LITTLE RHYME FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

O little, lively, laughing girls,
You're lovely little dears!
But, ah! you wag your little tongues
Too much for tender years;
Now if you'd try to keep them still,
And use your eyes and ears,
Like flowers you'd grow in beauty, O
My lovely little Dears !

Your tongues, I know, are less to blame
Than your red, roguish, lips,
O Darlings! if you kept them closed,
Your tongues could make no slips!
O Darlings! if you kept them closed,
We'd laugh at all our fears,
And draw you closer to our hearts,
My lovely little Dears !

Take heed! Take heed! and with all speed
Try now to make amends,

For if you cannot hold your tongues,
 You cannot hold your friends!
For if you cannot hold your tongues,
 Your tongues will bring you tears!
Think on, remember, what I say,
And you'll be glad some future day,
 My lovely little Dears!



A MESSENGER OF PEACE.

A holy place was thronged, the word to hear,
Listeners, by Faith, were drawn from far and near;
A zealous humble man, upon whose face
No wasting passion could its language trace,
Rose up, a fitting messenger of peace
To hearts that from their bondage sought release,
And with the Spirit's gift he touched the chord
Of human feeling, Yes, he freely poured
The treasures of a mind endowed for good,
So clear, so bright, that none misunderstood;
He said, "By Penance purified we'll stand,
Then Christ will place the olive in our hand—
His saving grace will guide from paths of woe
Our straying souls—Our deeds done here below
Form the highway on which our souls will go.
Remember! O ye men, bound by the chains
Of evil deeds, use well what time remains!
Change now your course! Break now your bonds
away,
And now accept forgiveness while you may!
For, in the hour when we must give up all,
Will Heaven heed our sudden selfish call?

Can true repentance actuate the cry
That comes not forth till death's dark form is
nigh?

Can man on earth ill-use his lengthened days
To cheat the world, in dark and devious ways,
And at the last, who never worked for grace,
By one act, all his evil acts efface?

Oh, can he then, when death's dark Angel calls
Leap the black gulf and clutch the jasper walls?
Ah! mayhap then his deeds, with deadly weight,
Will bear him short and sink him to his fate!

Unless he meets our suffering Saviour's eyes,
And like the Thief gains mercy ere he dies—

Ah! slender hope for us if sorrow's tears

Come not ere bursts the fountain of our fears!

Remember! O ye men, bound by the chains

Of evil deeds, well what time remains!

Change now your course! Break now your bonds
away,

And now accept forgiveness, while you may!"

He blessed them all, and when they turned, and
sought

Their homes, they felt he'd touched their inmost
thought—

Their loads were lightened by the lesson taught.

Alone the preacher prayed when all had gone:
"O God! sustain me till my work is done!
O save me from the ills I bid them shun!—
Give them the thought to pray—to pray for me
For grace to strive—for light thy face to see!"

He bowed his head—there came a holy calm,
As if his soul were touched with healing balm—
Behold! while other laborers repose,
Aloft unspoken—prayer's sweet incense goes
From meditation's doors that silently unclose.



CLOUDS ARE BUT VAPOR.

They say that our life's but a long scene of woe;
A storm, through which sunlight but seldom can
glow.

Can they tell? Do they know?

Perhaps so.

But then should we murmur or uselessly pine?
Not at all? Let us hail the bright beams while
they shine

Let us laugh in the rays which with life inter-
twine!

But the storm? What of that? Why, we must
all eat

Both the bitter and the sweet,

Be bright in the light,

But prepare for the night!

And the storm's sable form, rolling on to dismay,

We can face, we can say

These clouds are but vapor: they'll soon pass
away!

BRITANNIA AND ERIN.

Grand were the Sisters in the glorious past!
Fair Erin, strong Britannia, equal born,
Endowed by Nature's hand to exercise
The sovereign functions of maternal love:
In peace to nurture, and protect from harm,
The loving children breathing on their breasts.
But now the stronger sister of the twain
Her bosom binds in iron, and withholds
From her own children all that's rightly theirs,
To feed them, on the wrestled spoils of power.
See how, with greed unnatural, she strikes
Her sister down, and on her bids them prey!
O men, look on the cruel sister now!
While she in strength and beauty smiles on you,
Mark how, with all her might, she presses down
Her brazen shield on Erin's teeming breast!
See how her mailed hand doth cast aside
Each struggling child of Erin, as it strives
To raise, in search for food, the massy weight!
O Sympathizing World, cry out for shame!
For shame for her who holds her sister down,
And smiles above her children's agony!

Bid her release her galling hold in time,
For yet e'en tardy justice may absolve;
Ere the deep murmurs of awakened wrath,
That rise above her victim's hunger-cry,
Swell to the tones of thunder in her ears!
Bid her beware, or wrong may come to hers,
For desperation acts without a fear,
And dark despair may strike when justice fails!
Bid her beware, for now poor Erin moves,
And from the womb of effort hope is born!
Hope to sustain in peace, and save from harm,
The loving children nurtured on her breast.



HEROES OF THE SHORE.

Alone the coast-guard moves upon his beat,
Where the mad ocean leaps against the land,
With steady sleepless eye and weary feet,
Through the wild, bitter night, along the strand,
He pauses—Ah! a light—a vessel's light
Is rising—falling with the angry waves—
O must the awful tempest, in its might,
Hurl fellow-creatures helpless to their graves!

Red gleams his reaching signal through the
dark:—

Beware! Beware the perils of the shore!
Too late! the helm is gone—the fated bark
Strikes on the shoals—the waters o'er her pour!
O sleepers waken to the fearful cry,
That now comes speeding landward through the
gale!
Haste, Noble Coast-guard! Haste—for succor
fly!
All—all are doomed to perish if you fail!

Swift come the men roused by the breathless call:

Out o'er the wreck their saving line they send,—

Ah! Women—children! See! they rescue all!—

Safe! safe on shore where kindly arms extend!

Honor the coast-guard for true victories gained!

Raise the glad voice of Joy—the song of Praise!

Let Gratitude and Justice, unrestrained,

Give to these aging men some sunny days.



CAST NOT DOUBTS!

The vain believer oft affects to doubt
The word revealed to guide us o'er our span;
And further from the truth leads skeptic man,
To swell the volume of the scoffer's shout;
Then shrinks in fear from ills he's brought about;
Dreading the flame his pride has helped to fan,
He points too late to truth's undying plan,
And beckons back in vain to men who scout.

That man's more harmful than the open foe,
Who claiming common cause with truth and
right,
Yet ope's some postern in the wall below,
And lets in the besiegers in the night;
Perhaps, ere Mercy's hand can stay the blow,
Justice may to earth, the traitor, smite.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"Happy New Year!" O happy sound,
When joy and gladness reign around,
When love and friendship blend to grace,
With sweet content, our dwelling-place,
When fairest future doth invite
Our footsteps on to prospects bright;
'Tis then the happy heart doth bound;
When life's in accord with the sound
Which on the glad New Year goes circling round!

But, Oh, when ills hang o'er our path,
And we're the sport of worldly wrath;
When want has crushed us to the ground
That greeting seems a smarting wound,
Given by those who never show
Their sympathy for human woe.
Oh if, where e'er our hand can reach,
We'd let the act precede the speech,
And doing all, within our power,
To end the troubles of the hour,
We could with joy—our duty clear,
Greet all with "Happy glad New Year!"

A MECHANIC IN DISGUISE.

Let me tell you, I am a mechanic,
But it can't be perceived by my style;
I'm living, in spite of the "panic,"
Sustained by my hammer and file,
At evening I go for enjoyment,
To walk with the ladies awhile;
They think I have "genteel" employment,
And on me most sweetly they smile.

Some ladies, fastidious creatures
Meet clerks with delight in their eye,
But, a change soon comes over their features,
When a common mechanic comes by;
The cold stony stare of each dear one
Is then most amusing to see,—
So, boys, if you wish to shine near one,
Take pattern, my hearties, by me.

If they should find out what I am, sirs,
No more could I walk with the fair,
Each door in my face then would slam, sirs,
And I would be snubbed everywhere;

So, now, to avoid such confusion,
And hold the sweet charm of my style,
I'll have to sustain the illusion,
Sustained by my hammer and file.



LOVE'S SONG OF SORROW.

My Clara—my love—my own.

Is torn, alas! from my side;
She's gone, and I'm left alone!

While death claims my bonny bride.
I saw on her cheek of down
The sign of her cruel fate:
Would it had marked my own,
To be in death her mate!

She's gone! I'm alone—alone!

Oh, gone is my sunny dream,
The light of my happy day;
She came like a warming beam,
And flitted like one away,
No more will her eyelids part,
To mirror her soul of love;
Ah! pulseless the feeling heart!
Oh, naught can death's seal remove!

She's gone! I'm alone—alone!

THE FARMER'S NEW BUCKET.

"There," said the farmer, with a look of pride,
As by the well he stood, his wife beside,
"My job is done, an' I am mighty glad—
That bucket is the best we've ever had,
See, Nancy, I have let it down the well
To soak; new buckets always leak a spell,
Now, when you draw, don't let it flop about,
For that's what always busts the bottoms out,"
Then Nancy said, "I won't if you'll agree
To follow the example set by me?"
She laughed and left him by the well alone,
"The last word's always her's I might have known,"
He said, "But then, she spoke some truth I'll own,"
Just then a neighbor passed along the road,
With wagon groaning 'neath its heavy load,
He hailed him, "Say, I'll hold yer horse while you
Step down to see a good thing—something new—
I've got the latest patent bucket out;
Something I'd no longer do without,—
Come on? You'll understand it like a book—
It's down the well just go an' take a look?"
"Oh, yes," the neighbor said, "when I get through

I'll stop, but now I've got my work to do."
But still, to press, the farmer did not cease
Till his friend yielded for the sake of peace.
Unto the well he then was quick to go;
He stooped to see the bucket down below
"Haul it up," he heard the other shout,
"Take care, now! Don't wabble it about!"
As he was told, the poor man tried to do,
But slipped, and quickly disappeared from view;
The farmer heard him shouting as he fell,
And running over saw him down the well;
Anxious he cried: "Say did you kick the bucket
When you fell in? I think you kind o' struck it."
The neighbor in the well quite angry grew,
And cried, "If I get out, sir, I'll kick you!"
The farmer, thus, his folly, made to see,
Said, "Well, I think it would be good for me;
For draggin' you from where your labor led
To see a bucket empty as my head!"
The neighbor to the rope himself soon tied,
The farmer hauled—they soon stood side by side.
They both looked to the rope, only to see
Two staves, a hoop and handle swinging free
The ruins of "the latest bucket out,"
Thus swayed and dangled uselessly about.
The farmer said, "For being over-vain
I've learnt a lesson an' I won't complain."

“And so have I,” the other said, “My friend,
I turned from business fearing to offend,
But my sore bones, wet clothes and aching head,
Have taught me what I should have done instead,
To keep straight on in duty’s well-marked way,
And stand no fooling on a busy day.



A FISH STORY.

Up from the sea, a peasant came,
To where his native village lay,
Said he, "I'll make them all believe
I've seen a wondrous fish to-day."
He reached at length a single street
That through the little hamlet ran;
The lying tale he'd coined he told
To every passing country-man.

"Yes," he said, "upon the beach,
Just round the bend, towards the South,
The waves have cast a monstrous fish,
Which, stranded, lies with gaping mouth;
Oh, if you saw it squirm and twist,
And with its huge tail lash the ground!
Then raise its horned head in the air,
As high as any house around!"

Thus he deceived their simple minds,
Brought up in ignorance of lies,
And his perverted heart enjoyed
Their looks of innocent surprise.

He reached his home, partook of food
And rested; but his wife's quick eye
Saw something strange. She turned and said,
"What means the many passers-by?"
Then up he jumped—ran to the porch;
The street with villagers was swarmed,
All hasting on towards the shore,
And all with pikes or axes armed.

Wondering, he saw them hurry past:
"Say! what's the matter, friends?" he cried,
They answered, "Come and help us catch
The big fish stranded by the tide?"

He stood and thought, while busy feet
Still hurried onward by his door;
Again he questioned passers-by,
They answered like the ones before.

"Why, that is very strange!" he said,
"I thought my story was a lie;
It must be true!" He seized his axe,
And joined the crowds that hurried by.

They reached the shore—no fish was seen—
Enraged at being thus deceived,

The author of the lying tale,
 Into the waves they quickly heaved.
Each time that he would swim to land,
 They'd throw him in the tide once more,
And cry, "Now find your monstrous fish
 And bring it quickly to the shore?"

He thought, to drown him they desired,
 And screaming out with might and main,
He cried, I'll always speak the truth!
 I'll never tell a lie again!"

When, for the fib that fooled them all,
 They thought they'd punished him enough,
Upon the shore they let him crawl,
 More scared than hurt by usage rough;
Then 'mid their jeers, for home he ran,
 A sadder and wiser man.

HANCOCK AT GETTYSBURG.

Dark was the day when fratricidal hand
Was raised to sever our united land;
When bold rebellion, in her strongest hour,
Pushed on to realize her dream of power;
When those who ruled were bound by Faction's
chain;

Procrastination granting power and gain
To men who from pierced hearts their prize would
wrest;

Crushing the nation's hopes, by war oppressed;
And rendering all our warriors' valor vain.
The foe, then deeming all our vigor gone,
Moved from the South his eager columns on.
O'er Maryland's fair hills their cry resounds;
A note of danger through the nation sounds—
Then woke the North—the West! Hark to the
call!

State vies with State—one purpose moving all!
While Faction trembling, now that danger's near,
Aids from its gorged purse and hides in fear.

Behold how freeman gather in their might!
Party is merged in duty for the Right!
O'er Pennsylvania's hills they rear a wall
On which the Union now must stand or fall!
Are they too late? See how the rebels swarm
The hills and vales, and pour their deadly storm?
At Gettysburg brave Meade holds them at bay,
Till dawns the third and the decisive day;
Victory to-night will crown the blue or gray.
See! even now the rebel hosts prepare
For their last mighty charge; while through the
air;

Two hundred guns, supporting, send their balls
Across the field,—a nameless dread appalls
Our men, who stand where sternest duty calls.
On to the front! Who goes? The hope of Meade!
On to the front! 'Tis Hancock on his steed!
See how he rides, erect, where danger lowers,
While through the quivering line the death-hail
pours—

Hark! o'er the thunders—Hark! a glorious shout!
He holds the ebbing tide—he stays the rout!
See! see! along the line their souls are flame;
They meet their leader's eye—they shout his
name:

“Hancock! Our Hancock leads! Lead on! they
cry,

Touched by heroic fire they swear to win or die!
He gives the word—See! like a solid mass,
The long line follows o'er the blood-stained grass—
On mid the awful storm of shot and shell,
They never swerve but move as by a spell!
Ah! carnage swoops—The field is strewn with
 slain,

But living heroes fill the gaps again,
And fearlessly the glorious charge sustain!
What now? The rebel guns have ceased to roar?—
Look!—from the wood the veteran foemen pour?—
Close—close they come—a shower of leaden hail
Rends their grey front—Ah! See—they pause—
 they quail!

Now Hancock's men pour o'er them like a tide,
Which bears them, broken, backward far and wide.
The cry of victory drowns the dying groan,
The foe is crushed! the bloody field's our own!

But see? Our Hero, Hancock there doth bleed!
Must he now die? No, No! 'tis not decreed!
He lives! He lives! to meet his country's need!—
In war a hero, and in peace a sage,
Thus will his name appear on history's page!

MECHANICAL EDUCATION.

A journeyman whose work was nice,
Be it on planer, lathe or vise,
Well used to standard rules and guages,
And always sure to earn his wages,
Was thrown, by reason of the "panic,"
From work, like many a good mechanic,
But not content to sit and wait
For those who shape the worker's fate,
Bid kind good-bye to friend and neighbor,
And sought for other fields of labor.

His travels soon came to a stop,
He got work in a jobbing shop.
Owned by one who tried to do
Clerk's work, be "boss " and draftsman too;
Who, in a free-and-easy way,
Ran the concern from day to day.
"This is the first job you may do,
He said, "Now, make it pretty true,
For its the plunger of a pump,
Turn it, in size, two inches plump."

The man replied, "My rule contains
No 'plumps,' its maker, lacking brains,
Made every inch just standard size;
He'd put on 'plumps' if he'd been wise;—
To do the job exact and true,
Lend me your rule to help me through?"
The wondering owner, thus rebuked,
With anger on the workman looked—
Junctures critical have all,
When self-restraint prevents a fall—
Now, he soon proved that he had sense,
And knew that rage entails expense,
And that we may, if we keep cool,
Be taught each day as in a school;
He did not fume nor stamp the floor,
Nor show the journeyman the door—
No, No! He said, "Your words I'll heed,—
I think you're just the man I need!
Your wit, sarcastic and ironic,
Cures slipshod negligence grown chronic.
I'll give you charge here from to-day;
Will you accept? Now tell me? Say?"
The workman said, "I will agree,
If all details are left to me,
Unhampered then, alone, you can
Shape and survey the general plan."

“ Ah! that’s the thing!” the owner said,
“ Yes, take right hold, and go ahead;
Re-organize the whole concern,
It needs it every side you turn,
And if you see me play the fool,
Just bring me too to the standard rule!”
“ All right I’ll do just what you say,”
The other answered, “ and each day,
Avoiding undue jar or strain,
By gentle steps perfection gain.”

Light thus shines from darkest “ panics”
To spread the knowledge of Mechanics.—
Ill-winds, that to unrest give birth,
Strew seeds of progress o’er the earth.



WAIL OF A TIMID VICTIM.

TIMID VICTIM, (*with infant in arms.*)

When I was a lad
My sweet-hearts were plenty,
But, alas! 'twas too bad!
I got married at twenty;
I was thus early caught
But my wife, then so charming,
That my pleasure was short;
Oh, my peace she is harming!
She's changed, and I'm brought
To a state quite alarming!

You see me, to-day,
A poor object of pity;
If I had n't to stay,
O, I'd fly from the city;
But, Oh, I am tied
To the string of her apron!
My once slender bride,
With fingers so taperin',

Holds me to her side,
And stops all my caperin'.

She has a big stick,
And it's used on me often;
I wish for death quick,
For repose in my coffin!
Her tongue, at each spat,
Fails never to lash me;
And you know, besides that,
She continues to thrash me;
And seems to grow fat
In her efforts to smash me!

She's just sent me out
The baby to carry,—
Oh! I'd like to shout:—
Young men don't you marry!—
Oh! she's looking to see
If I am behaving!
Hush a ba, ba, ba, be!—
Oh! she'll set me raving!
Take warning by me,
And avoid all my slaving!

Oh! what will I do!—

Don't—don't cry, my darling!

Your papa loves you—

Ah! child, stop your snarling!

(*Exit* TIMID VICTIM.)



LEGAL LAPSES.

What are these? Ah, your papers. A lawyer at last!

Good! give us your hand boy! My fears are all past—

I'm proud of you, Charley! While other boys fooled,

You stuck to your books, till your mind was well schooled.

Come, here is a check, boy—on my account draw, Though your uncle by blood, we're now brothers-in-law—

Here, take it—No airs, now! Just make a good start.

You've touched a soft spot in the old lawyer's heart!

Be honest—No winking—and true to your word!— Wait, I'll tell you a story you never have heard— There's a moral attached, so it won't seem absurd:—

A Lawyer, once, given to drinking too free,

Broke out beyond bounds and went off on a
spree,

(With lawyers a fault strangely rare you'll agree
Though we all plead at bars just as earnest as he.)

In his stead, trusting clients, who wait, only see
In his office, a card: "I'll be back just at three;"

While he on his rounds, full of liquor and sport,
Decides to slip up for awhile into Court.

O fatal decision! with staggering gait,

He mounts the broad steps and approaches his fate.

His head is held high, as if owning the place,

But his knees give the lie to his firmness of face.

The Judge on the bench with an eye like a hawk,
Observed his flushed face and his staggering walk:

While our hero slipt up, and came down on the toes
Of the fat County Clerk, in the midst of a doze;

The hangers-on laughed as enraged he arose.

Cried the Judge, on his dignity, gavel upraised,

"Advance to the bench, sir, I'm really amazed!"

Our hero walked up with a grin on his face,

Saying: "Judge, just speak out what you think of
my case?"

"My opinion is," cried the Judge with a frown,

"That your drunk! and to ruin are fast slipping
down!"

To walk into Court, before our face,

A lawyer in liquor—O, what a disgrace!

Not alone to yourself, but your children, your wife
And to all the profession!—You lead a bad life!”

“Say Judge, in ten years that I’ve been here—
about,

That’s the truest decision you ever gave out!”

Cried our hero, “And now I will here testify
That you’ve stated my case without one word of
lie—

I move a short recess? I feel pretty dry!”

“No, No!” cried the Judge, “A lesson you need!
You acknowledge you’re drunk’ so the law must
proceed!

For, as you’ve confessed my decision all right,
I’ll give you my sentence: The jail for to-night!—
Officer, take him, and lock him up tight!”

“I’ll appeal, honored Judge!” cried the limb of
the law,

“In your sentence I hold there’s a large legal
flaw

For the law can’t convict on a drunken man’s
word,

And yourself say I’m drunk,—so now Judge you
have erred.”

The Judge by the plea for a moment was caught,
For just indignation prevented cool thought,
Loud laughs, ill-suppressed, broke the silence pro-
found,

And grim grinning, lawyers were seen all around.
With well-balanced sternness at length the Judge
said,

"I'm shocked at the levity 'round me displayed!"
Then addressing the knave who had caused all
the fuss:

"You speak of your word: it has no weight with us.
To see that you're drunk, sir, no eye here can fail—
The Court saw your acts. Take him off to the jail!"
"Again I'll appeal," cried the staggering elf.

"'Tis your honor who now is transgressing your-
self.

You are here to decide on what's brought to your
view,

And I, to be judged, not accursed, sir, by you!

For the Law has no soul and Man is the loser

When a Judge plays the role of the vulgar accu-
ser!"

Cried the Judge: "Come, away with him quick to
his fate!

Such contempt of the Court we'll not tolerate!"

"You're right, Judge, at last, that's just what I
feel,

My 'contempt of the Court,' sir, I cannot con-
ceal!"

The officers seized him well primed for the sport:

He shook them both off and again faced the Court.
They followed him up, and, with resolute will,
Those officers struggled their task to fulfill,
And they found, ere they finished the laughable
tussle,

Though his mind had grown weak, that he'd plenty
of muscle.

They took him at length where he'd leisure to
think,

And where they give nothing but water to drink.

Now Charley, just pick out the moral and see—

What? "Who was the lawyer that went on the
spree?"

That's cheeky, you dog! I would teach abstract
truth,

While you want the name of the sinner forsooth!

No, no, sir:—What—what's that? "No value
without?"

"A nameless citation the parent of doubt?"

Well—let me see—Yes you are right, I must
say—

You laugh? Oh, I'll give you the name right
away,

Its one of your relatives—"That cannot be?"

Yes it can—I'm the man, I went through that
spree!

Take warning in time, boy! Take warning by
me!

If you dodge folly's dangers just think upon mine!
There, Charley, that's all—You may order your
sign.



LESSON OF THE BIRDS.

Away with sadness! See the birds of air—
Their chirrupings are heard, what e'er betide,
As through the glade, in search of food they
glide,
Content with aught that gives sustainment there;
Raising no murmurs 'gainst their humble fare—
The rushing storm may scatter far and wide
Their ruined homes—their progeny divide,
And yet their instincts whisper not despair.

O let us take sweet comfort from the bird,
And hail the sun of seasons yet to be,
Singing a song of hope, in deed and word,
While walking bowed through deeps of misery;
And, by dark promptings from below unstirred,
Rise up, on wings, from earth, redeemed and
free.

LITTLE PATSY.

Years past, beside the waters of Passaic,
Beyond the cleft down which the torrents break,
There stood a cot, upon the rocky ledge
That rose unbroken from the river's edge,
Within its walls a laborer and wife,
With boy of ten, lived a contented life;
Their rocky space, topped with its scanty soil,
Was all their own, won by the sweat of toil.
Ah, but the happiest home that e'er was made,
Sickness with stealthy foot-step can invade.
The laborer saw his wife was growing pale,
And through the winter months he feared she'd
fail;

Upon the morn of Christmas Eve she lay
Too weak to try the labors of the day;
She said, "Don't stay for me—I hear your bell—
Go, John, you'll lose your place—I'll soon be well."
"Yes, papa, you may go," their young boy cried,
"I'll help ma—I'll stay by her bed-side."
They looked upon their little boy with pride.
"Well," said the father, "if, while I'm away,
You'll do your best, I'll think of you to-day,"

“Oh, will you, pa?” the boy’s eyes gleamed with
light,

“I know—I know what you’ll bring home to-
night!

The fiddle for my Christmas, that can play!—
To-morrow, ma, I’ll make it go all day!”

When John had gone, his boy tried to perform
His duties well; he kept the cottage warm,
And to his mother simple stories told;
Thus striving, from her ills, her thoughts to hold,
And what the doctor gave to ease her pain,
His little hands administered, not in vain;
For she at mid-day rose, here pains were gone,
She sat and looked with pleasure at her son,
Who, filled with joy, skipped round the room, the
while

Performing tricks to make his mother smile;
He whispered in her ear, with young delight,
“Won’t pa be glad when he gets home to-night?
When he comes in we’ll laugh to see him stare
With wonder when he sees you in your chair.”
He paused; and listening to a sound without,
He heard his comrades give their well-known
shout,
And looking forth, saw each with his sled.

They beckoned, but he only shook his head:
His mother noting thus his strength of will,
Said, "Patsy, go out with them on the hill."
I'd like to go," he said, "for it's just gay!
But I told Pa I'd stay by you all day."
"But, Patsy" said his mother with a smile,
"I'm not sick now, so you may play awhile."
Then, taking up his sled and hasting out,
He joined his little friends with joyous shout;
Off to the coasting-hill they gaily go,
To skim like young birds downward o'er the snow.
The ailing mother tried, when he had gone,
Those tasks that wait for woman's hand alone,
And which, like rays of sun-light, never cease
To keep joy warmed within the heart of peace,
But now her work was more than she could do,
Sickness had made her weaker than she knew.
She turned and tried to reach her bed again,
But paused and tottered—yielded to the strain,
And falling to the floor unconscious lay
As if her spark of life had passed away.

John in his work-shop toiled with all his might,
To try and reach his home before the night;
When he had finished, he went forth to buy,
As best he could, his little home-supply;

To cheer his wife a sweet surprise he planned,
By tokens that she'd easily understand,
And with his heart filled with a father's joy,
He bought the little fiddle for his boy;
Then, homeward trudging loaded through the
snow,

He thought how best his presents he'd bestow;
Saw visioned joys entwined like garlands sweet,
One added link the circlet would complete,
Thus, cheered by tranquil pictures of content,
He reached his home—in at the door he went—
He started back—his wife lay moveless there.
He sprang to aid—he called in his despair,
O Mary—Mary! Speak to me, my wife!
Help me, O God! No sign—no sign of life;
Patsy! Patsy! Curse him! has he gone,
And left his mother here to die alone!"

He took her in his arms—he thought her dead,
Kissed her cold lips and bore her to her bed.
He heard a voice—'t was Patsy who had come,
Filled with delight to find his father home;
The wild distracted man unto him turned:
And at the door his smiling boy he spurned:
He crushed the sled—he tore its rope away
And lashed the boy, who cried in his dismay:
"Oh, papa, papa, don't!—It hurts me so!

I stayed—I stayed till mama let me go!”

“Ah, heartless, lying child! So you would dare
To shame your lifeless mother lying there!”

Poor Patsy’s gift he shattered on the floor,
And madly drove him weeping from the door;
Then’ bending o’er his wife, as still she lay,
Hope rolled the clouds of dark despair away.

Trembling, by the gate, he found his son:

“Now, boy, repair the harm that you have done,
Your mother breathes,” he cried, “but cannot
move,

Down, for the doctor, run, your love to prove,
You know the place—you went there yesterday—
Quick, quick! You’ll suffer more if you delay!”

As flies the dove upon its message swift,
So sped the boy through blinding snow and drift,
Ere the fast-fading light of day had gone.

The north wind with the night came rushing on,
Yet, forward, struggling through the bitter blast
He reached the falls—safe o’er the basin passed,
And to the doctor, breathless, spoke at last.

“Here,” said the doctor, “take this vial home,
’Twill aid your mother, boy, until I come.

Now, lose no time and take the shortest way.
I’ll drive ’round by the old road on my sleigh.”

Patsy again stepped out into the night;

Passed windows deckt with Christmas offerings
bright—

He saw them not; nor paused in homeward flight.
Upward he went, the city gleamed behind,
While on before, the road lay undefined;
And where it forms, on high, a reaching way
O'er sundered cliffs, 'neath which the waters play,
The storm's wild force had quenched each guid-
ing lamp;

Through the darkling drifts the boy was left to
tramp—

Turn with the road! Turn quickly or you're gone!
Bewildered by the gloom he struggled on:
Fell from the fenceless 'bankment's lofty edge,
Down where careering ice—blocks pile and wedge!
Crippled, he crept to mount the steep again,
Powerless he fell back, prostrate and in pain,
The cries for help, that mingled with his groans,
Were smothered by the tempest's angry tones.

Mean-while the doctor hastened to fulfill
His duty at the cottage on the hill;
The waiting husband saw he was alone;
“Doctor,” he said, “my son?—where is my son?”
“Is he not home?”—he could but shake his head.
The doctor hurried to his patient's bed.

That father stood, and gazed into the night,
Like one struck dumb—who looks but has no
sight.

His name was called—quick to the bed of pain
He turned—his wife could speak to him again!

“Oh, Patsy was so good!” she feebly said.

“Where is he now? I ventured from my bed—
I let him go out playing with his sled.”

The doctor signed—John struggled to control
The wild waves of remorse that filled his soul
In vain, they burst the feeble will’s restraint:

He uttered forth his self-accursing plaint:

“See, with this rope, for what he had not done,
I lashed him, like a demon—Oh, my son!

I sent you forth, while I was housed and warm—
Poor boy! to face alone this awful storm!”

He grasped his lantern, saying, “Do not fear,
I’ll search until I find him, Mary, dear!”

He went and asked a neighbor’s wife to stay
With Mary; and then started on his way.

The careful doctor waited to explain
What should be done till he’d return again.

John moved straight onward watchfully and slow,
Looked in the gullies, through the drifts of snow,
And hoarsely, on the winds, that hurried by,
Sent Patsy’s name; but there was no reply.

The basin of the falls he neared at length;
Looked down the steep and called with all his
strength:

Mad waters roared—winds lashed the limbs on
high,

Yet, through it all, he heard a feeble cry,
His heart leaped up—he knew he'd find his child
In the dark vale where rushed the waters wild.

Planting his heels into the crusted snow,
He struggled down the 'bankment far below;
With lantern raised, he spied a shrinking form
Behind a tree, close huddled from the storm.
Poor boy! he was afraid—he crouched still lower,
And cried, "Don't whip—don't whip me any
more!

Oh, pa! I fell down here—I tried my best—
Ma's bottle,s safe—here—safe upon my breast!"

The father cried, "No, Patsy—ne'er again
I'll raise my cruel hands to give you pain—
God be my witness!" Patsy could not hear,
Nor feel upon his face the falling tear.

The father saw, beneath his lantern's light,
The frozen arm held the vial tight.

His coat soon wrapped the little boy around,
His arms soon raised the hero from the ground,
Then up the slope he struggled with his load;

He paused—he tottered—Where, oh where's the
road?

Take care, take care! One false step may de-
stroy!

He prayed aloud: "O God! Save, save my
boy!"

From out of the dark: "Bear up!" a strong voice
cried,

From out the dark two strong arms came to
guide,

The feeling doctor, led on by the light,

Had traced the father's footsteps through the
night,

His waiting sleigh soon bore a precious freight.

Speed on, speed on! oh, will they be too
late?

No—Patsy woke to consciousness once more:

The morning sun beamed in upon the floor;

Up o'er the hills, from Saint John's chiming
bells,

A Christmas song of gladness sweetly swells.

He saw his feeble mother by his bed,

His father standing down-cast at its head.

They caught the light, new-gleaming from his
eyes,

And both leaned o'er him filled with glad sur-
prise.

He looked up at them in his simple way,
And said, "Oh, ain't it good—it's Christmas
Day!

I see my fiddle—and a brand new sled—

There on the table. Put them on my bed?"

Their hearts were full: they let him have his
way,

And by him placed new toys, just bought that
day,

The mother turned to hide her falling tear,

The father's prayers, oh, that day, were sincere.

Winter had passed, and Summer bloomed again,

Ere Patsy left his weary bed of pain;

Out by the door they placed an easy chair,

And let him sit to breathe the cooling air.

As, by the gate, his little comrades passed,

They smiled with joy to see his face at last;

But when they saw a little empty sleeve

Wave in the wind, Oh, how their hearts did
grieve!

The arm was gone that on that winter's night
Had held the vial!—Yet his heart was light,
For he was blest with patience in his pain,
And time reveals, he suffered not in vain!
Ah, souls—brave souls, like his their victory
gain!



MOAN OF TOIL.

While thrift draws gain from toil to swell her
hoard,

The venal world the victim harshly grips;

Urging her grinning wrongs to wield their whips.

And give the poor wretch lashes for reward—

See! bitter dregs of misery are poured

Into her cup and pressed against her lips;

She clutches the dark goblet and she sips,

With seeming zest, the draught—the draught
abhorred.

Made mad, she moves awry to right her wrong,

And beats the bars of her environment

In vain, for her oppressor, now grown strong,

Flings chains about her, and prostrate she's bent.

How long must she moan helpless yet? How long

Shed tears of blood ere saving succor's sent?

ONE WORKING GIRL.

Far from a house—a home no more,
A maid in terror fled,
To shun the shame within its door,
And earn her honest bread.

Though but a feeble girl was she,
Her virtue made her strong,
And in her light, she would not see
The shadow of a wrong.

She faced the strange world all alone,
And with her willing hand,
She toiled along, without a groan,
In labor's groaning band.

Near where she lodged there dwelt a youth,
Who won in time her love;
The soul of honor and of truth,
She thought that he would prove.

But, with unsteady step, she saw
Him stagger on, one day;

She knew the curse of such a flaw,
And turned from him away.

Pale grew her cheek, her loving heart
Had deeply felt the shock,
But yet she stood from him apart,
Like some unshaken rock.

When once dark clouds obscure the light,
The end we cannot trace,
The times grew hard, there came a blight,
She had to leave her place.

Too soon she finds she cannot pay
E'en for the bit she eats,
And cruel hands turn her away
To walk the open streets.

Crushed by the weight of many woes,
Her eyes can shed no tears,
While aimless through the night she goes,
With neither hopes nor fears;

But Mark her lover lingers nigh,
He sees her roaming on—
He speaks—he tells her that he'll try
To live for her alone.

He vows that every path he'll shun
That led him from her side,
He bids her struggle not alone,
But come and be his bride.

Alas! poor girl! Crushed was her pride;
She took the hand he gave—
'T were better—better had she died,
And rested—in her grave!

For all the solemn vows he made
Were only for a day;
Again he turned from her and strayed
On habit's beaten way.

And she—? Oh, draw the veil and hide
The sorrows of her life,
That gathered—gathered till she died
A broken-hearted wife.

Why weep her death?—Oh! pity's tear
Will all unbidden fall,
Though bright-winged Mercy hovers near
To loosen mortal thrall.

Ah! souls when purified by woe
Grove through the night no more,
For then upon them bursts the glow
Of joy from yonder shore.

But they will feel stern justice smite
Who make the weak their foes,
Who, wantonly, with all their might,
Would tread upon a rose.



A PLAIN BLUNT FARMING MAN.

Yes, I'm a plain blunt farming man,
I aint afraid of labor;
You'll do well to adopt my plan,
And push along, make all you can,
In justice to your neighbor.

I'm snugly fixed, all trouble's past,
And everything goes charming;
For plenty at my door is cast,
And, boys, they call me rich at last;
I got it all by farming.

I'll tell you what I've got to-night;
A wife still brisk and healthy:
Two sons with strength the world to fight
Two pretty daughters plump and bright,
And their papa quite wealthy.

Now boys—no use in caving in;
When symptoms are alarming,

No! push right on, and pluck will win;
And you'll do well if you begin,
Like me, by trying farming.

Go, plow the land
With your own hand,
And then, right quick,
Just harrow slick;
Sow broad your seeds,
Keep down your weeds,
And then you'll go, from year to year,
With sweet contentment ever near.

I plant my corn
At early dawn;
When over ground
I hoe it-round;
I dodge the rain
To reap my grain;
When grass is high
I mow it spry,
And choose my day
For making hay;
Driving along
My team, with song,
And thus I go from year to year,
With sweet contentment ever near.

HIS POOR HEART.

O my poor heart is won
By a maid young and bright,
But she treats it as fun,
And she laughs at my plight;
O that laugh 'tis as light
As the sweet wind that blows,
In June's balmy night,
O'er the opening rose.

O whenever I try
To whisper love's word,
'Tis defined by her eye
Ere my lips have been heard;
O she laughs with her eyes,
From their lashes they gleam
Like a glimpse of the skies
In a clear running stream.

Yet I hope through my sighs;
O I know she is mine;
I have studied her eyes,
I have seen there the sign!

Soon her laugh's merry ring
Will be toned to a smile;
For the touch of Love's wing
Will subdue in awhile.



THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

I'll tell you of a simple deed, that came beneath
my eye,

To show that hearts still recognize the power of
sympathy:—

Unto a broker's office a load of coal was brought,
A poor man traced it on its way, for eagerly he
sought

The poor reward his hands might earn. He
stood, with anxious eye,

And saw it piled upon the walk, as cutting winds
swept by.

His hand, that felt want's coldest clutch, unfelt so
harsh before,

Now opened, with a timid touch, the polished
office door;

He entered: there the broker sat and told his
gathered gain,

O will his heart prompt him to ease a fellow-
creature's pain?

He turns—he sees the wretched man, and rising
from his chair

He sternly, haughtily, demands to know his business there.

The poor man felt the keenest touch of insult in his heart,

But want choked back his lingering pride, and hid the inward smart,

He asked if he might have the job of bringing in the coal;

The broker offered him a price as small as beggar's dole,

He quick agreed, and turned away, his labor to begin

When through the opening door, there walked the broker's partner in;

While with him, by him ushered in, another laborer came,

Perhaps to struggle for the job and add to labor's shame

The partner to the broker turned and thus did he begin:

"Here is a laborer I've hired, our coal to carry in."

And, as he told to him the price that he'd agreed to pay,

The poor men stood there face to face, with not a word to say.

“Why,” said the broker, “here’s a man, who in to
me just came,

And I have given him the job at half the price you
name.”

“Ah,” said the partner, “all right then.” He turn-
ed to him he’d brought,

And said, “Excuse me, you may go, your price
was high, I thought.”

Without a word, the poor man turned towards the
office door,

Yet by his face you well might see that his sad
heart was sore

But see! the other laborer now hurries after him:
He takes his hand, he turns him ’round, and, see!
his eyes are dim,

He cries, “O give this man the job? my right I
yield him free—

And give him every cent he asks—he needs it
more than me—

He has children and a wife who look to him for
all,

While I am—now—alone in life—my needs are
few and small.”

The brokers gave a hurried look into each other’s
eyes:

Sweet pity melted both their hearts, and pierced
their souls’ disguise,

In doing good to those poor men great was their
joy within—

That laborer's act had taught them both that
human kind are kin.

Such was the simple, noble deed that came be-
neath my eye:

It proves that hearts still recognize the power of
sympathy!



CUNNING JAKE.

We all knew one-eyed Jake, the country round,
A trickier chap than he was never found;
One day he thought he saw a chance to try
The power of his peculiar quality:
A traveling show was on the village green;
Huge paintings of the wonders to be seen,
Pretentiously bedecked the scanty tent:
He vowed to go, "if it took every cent."
Said Jake: "Now boys, come watch my neat de-

vice

To take the whole thing in, at just half price;
While if you chaps would see that show to-day,
Your full half-dollars you would have to pay."
Anxious to see the trick, with him they go
To where are sold the tickets for the show,
With "quarter" in his hand slipped through the
wicket

He cried out, "Here you are sir, half a ticket?"
The ticket seller thought 't was for some child,
And passed it out obligingly and mild;

Then neath the noses of his wondering crowd
Jake shook it, feeling jubilant and proud

“What’s done so far” said one, “is easily done,
But try now to go in—and we’ll see the fun.”

“All right,” said Jake, they quickly with him
went

Up by the narrow entrance of the tent,
Jake placed the ticket in the door-man’s hand,
But soon a rough grasp brought him to a stand;
“Hold on!” the door-man cried, “Here, this won’t
do,

Half price, sir, is for kids—not coves like you!”
“You’re wrong, my man,” said Jake, “I’ll tell you
why

I claim that right: I’ve only got one eye,
Fixed as I am but half the things I’d see,
And so it’s only justice, sir, for me.”

The jolly door-man grinned from ear to ear
And said “Well, that’s the best I’ve heard this
year;

But business, sir, is business, sir, you know—
’T would take you double time to see the show,
So double price, for you, is very low.

One dollar down for one-eyed men’s my rate
Take it or leave it that my figure straight!”
As Jake’s companions roared at his defeat,

Jake grasped the door-man's hand and said "I'm
beat!"

And after that, Jake's friends were never slow
To ask him how he made out at the show.



THE WASTED INHERITANCE.

“My son, I leave to you this gem,
Richer than royal diadem!”
A dying father cried,
“O, stainless keep it, and its power
Will cheer, what e’er betide, life’s hour!”
He blessed his boy and died.

The youth shed tears of filial grief,
But, Ah! its influence was brief:
Deep in his heart he felt relief,
With no restraint to hold;
His father gone: he gazed around,
He left the old paternal ground.
To seek for joy, where naught is found
But phantoms raised with gold.

Mark his career—his quickening speed—
See how he strains, with growing greed,
To clutch each swiftly-melting joy,
That mocks him—charms him, to destroy
His wondrous jewel’s pride!

Soon—soon his dream of pleasure o'er,
Dashed, powerless, on a dreadful shore,
His talismanic gem no more
Reveals life's brighter side!

Stained, dimmed, and crumbling into dust,
Destroyed by foul corroding rust,
The priceless gem his father gave
Was gone!—The youth sank to his grave,
Alas! unmourned and lost.
O sons of unremembered sires!
If reins you'd give to your desires,
Pause ere you waken smouldering fires,
And count your folly's cost.



THE LADY AND THE FLOWER GIRL.

FLOWER GIRL, (*bearing flowers.*)

Sweet flowers—sweet flowers! Come buy them I
pray!

Come buy my sweet flowers, culled freshly to-
day!

LADY.

Come here, pretty Maiden? Your flowers let me
see?—

Would you not like to live thus, a lady like me?—
How can you be happy while toiling each day?

FLOWER GIRL.

By working with light heart and getting my pay.

I'm happy though I'm poor,

I go from door to door,

And gaily pass the hours;

My little trade is sure,

For all love flowers.

LADY.

But see, all the year through from labor I'm free,
While millions are toiling all round us for me!

FLOWER GIRL.

Ah, Lady, believe me I'd change not with thee!
I'm blest with the sweets of my toil, like the bee.
How can you be happy with no work to do,
While millions are toiling all round us for you?

LADY.

No time, Girl—No time—as my life onward flows,
To shed useless tears o'er humanity's woes!

A merry life is mine,
It has but one design,
To dress—to lead—to shine
Mid fashion's throng.

FLOWER GIRL.

Your smiling friends abound,
But if dark fortune frowned,
They'd vanish, with the sound
Of pleasure's song.

LADY.

No matter—No matter, this life's all a mask,
 While gold I can scatter,
 They'll fawn and they'll flatter;
 I've power, in my hour, and that's all I ask!
 Would you ask any more than, thus, girl, to shine,
 And rush on through mazes of pleasure like mine?

FLOWER. GIRL.

Ah, yes I would ask for a soul full of joy,
 Which life's rudest tempests could never destroy!
 Kind Lady Good-bye, these are my golden hours,
 And bright opportunity blooms with my flowers!

LADY.

Good-bye, may the flowers of your heart ever
 bloom
 Unbarded, and sweet with joy's purest perfume!

WALK NO SECRET WAY.

“A maiden should be wooed on her father’s
hearth-stone.”—

Old Proverb.

A stranger, straying from the city,
Met a laughing country-maid;
He pressed her hand, he called her pretty;
Praised her hair of golden shade—

Ah cruel jest! the bright young beauty
Chanced to please his selfish eye.—
She lingered. Will no voice of duty
Bid her turn from him and fly?

Her heart beat high: his novel pleading
Came like music to her ears;
O will she, warnings all unheeding,
Blindly stray, with flattery leading,
Till its music turns to jeers,
Till, its cruel arts succeeding,
All her laughter melts to tears?

Truth she looked for in his eyes,
Truth no questioned soul denies !

T'was there, as if by inspiration,
Quick, she fathomed his disguise,
And caught the warning revelation
That he uttered only lies.

“Begone,” she cried, from him retreating,
“I’ll not walk your secret way !
Nor will I list to lips repeating
Vows that pass like breath away !
He who would win must woe me, rather,
Where the whole world might look on ;
Within yon cottage of my father,
There alone can I be won !”

Thus she spoke, and thus they parted ;
He, in seeming-pride arrayed,
Humbled turned into the shade ;
While, self-reliant, and light hearted, . .
Walked the laughing country-maid,
Nimbly o’er the sunny glade.

OUR MOTHER.

Do not cry my little brother,
All that's done is for the best
If you truly love our mother,
Don't disturb her quiet rest!
She, who did her duty by us,
Left me here your steps to guide;
Watching angels now would try us,
Ere they lead us to her side.

Here is where our Mother's sleeping,
Freed, at last, from every toil;
See the tender clovers peeping,
Bright with promise, from the soil!

Do not cry my little brother,
O you give your sister pain!
Let us comfort one another,
Through the years that yet remain;
Drive away each mournful feeling;—
Mother taught us to be brave!
Let us pray for strength, while kneeling
Here together by her grave!

Whisper low, for she is sleeping;
Sweetly resting from her toil—
Do not crush the clovers peeping,
Bright with promise, from the soil!



PROMISE.

In Autumn's eve amid the trees I stood,
And saw the fair leaves, flushed with death-
bright hues,
Clinging, in vain, as if they would refuse,
Obedience to the gale that sweeps the wood;
I cried: Is this the end of every bud?
Will we like leaves our frail existence lose?
Oh have we aught that winds cannot diffuse—
That falls not down to mingle with earth's mud?

I saw new-moon beams burst from out the gloom,
And o'er the dying leaves their radiance fling;
Upon the swaying boughs there seemed to bloom,
Once more, the blossoms of another Spring;
O Heavenly sign! that smiled, above earth's tomb,
With promise of a new awaking!

THE TWO FOOLS.

A spendthrift, who had failed to get
The fortune he desired,
Grew, thin, with worriment and fret,
In solitude retired;
He lost all hope, he bought a rope,
Determined with his woes to cope,
By desperation fired;

Fast to a huge convenient limb,
That stretched out from a tree,
He tied the rope, in proper trim,
For hanging such as he;
But, as the goose affixed the noose,
Beneath his feet the soil felt loose,
He stopped the cause to see—

Wonders! from beneath the soil
A massive stone he rolled,
And there, rewarding all his toil,
He found a crock of gold.

His dazzled eyes behold the prize,
Then with it from the place he flies,
Now for a time consoled.

When he had gone the miser came;
The owner of the store,
To feed his avaricious flame,
By adding to it more;
He saw the ground was broken 'round,
His worshiped gold could not be found—
In rage his locks he tore.

He saw the rope, that still hung loose,
While raving in despair,
He slipped his head into the noose
And dangled in the air;
Death quickly came to crown his shame;—
Men only laugh and speak his name,
And say: "Let fools beware!"

The one who stole the store of gold
Soon squandered it in show,
And, folley-led, walked blindly-bold
To misery and woe;

Death quickly came to crown his shame ;
Men only laugh and speak his name,
And say: "Fools come and go!"



THE WIDOW'S SON.

The first act of a tragic play is this :—

Come, let us look upon the waiting scene,
The curtain rises. There the actors come,
See how a widow's son indulgent reared,
Brings to his mother's house the orphan-girl
Whose promise he has won to be his bride;
With joy the mother blesses them and tells
Her son to shield from harm his chosen flower,
And let no chilling winter-blast come nigh.
He takes the maiden's trusting hand in his,
And, standing by his mother's side, he gives
To her, who crowns his manhood with her love
The sacred pledge of life-long constancy.

The second act : behold, the scene is changed,
O blessed sight ! within a new-made home,
The widow's son and orphan-girl made one,
Now dwell together in that perfect joy
Which truly-wedded hearts find on our earth.—
But see ? There enters now a man of smiles—

Ah, hearts that love! keep close in your embrace,
Lest, like a wedge, a smile may come between,
To tear you from each other! Mark, how he
proves

A master that flattery which draws
Weak minds to loose the holy ties of home,
And fall away to danger in the dark!
The wife, with woman's instinct, quickly sees
The sombre cloud that hovers o'er their peace,
And begs her husband not to leave her side,
The smooth-tongued tempter, with a smile and
jest

At husbands, slaves to too exacting wives,
Soon gains o'er vacillation victory.
They're gone. The young wife, waked so rudely
from

The dawn-dream of her love's companionship,
Cries out, in all her agony of soul,
"Come back! Come back! My straying Love,
come back!"

She hears no answer but the tempter's laugh,
That from the distance cuts her like a knife.
She stands alone and looks into the night,
And weep the first tears of her married-life.

Act the third! the scene is still the same:
A home built up by love, now desolate.

A weeping wife awaiting the return
Of one who from her never should have strayed.
He comes—the flatter's victim—See, he walks
Into his saddened home no slave of drink,
But smirched with even darker, deadlier stains;
His place of trust is gone, and he is left
To slow and sure subsidence day by day.
Mark, where he sleeps, in listless slothfulness,
As if content to drift unto despair;
While o'er him, with a broken heart, there leans
The one whose joy is wrecked on such a shore
Again the tempter enters on the scene;
But see! the wife now meets him, face to face,
And tells him to begone and leave her home—
Her ruined home-cursed by his serpent wiles.
Look, how his smile, fades out! Hark, bitter
words:
He hisses out new tortures for her ears,
And she, in horror, trembling, turns away.
The 'wakened husband, hearing, quick up-springs,
Hurls back the black lie in the tempter's teeth,
And heaps on him the blame for all their woe—
The tempter, flushed with rage, a weapon draws
But, swift as lightning from the riven cloud,
The victim tears it from his hand and aims
To pierce the coward-heart that sought his own—

Quick springs the loving wife between, to stay
His maddened hand—too late! Alas, too late!
She falls, with words of love upon her lips,
Pierced by the deadly bullet to the heart,
Down at her husband's feet and bleeding dies.—
Out—out into the darkness, far away,
The tempter flies and he is seen no more.

The fourth act now reveals another scene :—
A court of justice with its powers in play.
The eager crowds now gaze towards the dock
Where stands the widow's son a prisoner:
Their listening ears are strained, for, now, he
speaks,
He asks that he may die a murderer's death;
But those who trace the intent of each deed,
And give to crime accordant punishment,
Must needs deny his self-accusing wish,
And shape for him, in lieu of that extreme,
The fate of long confinement from the world.
He hears the sentence of the judge pronounced,
And cried aloud: "Oh worse—oh, worse than
death
To live when life is torture—when remorse,
With ceaseless clutch upon the soul, compels
The unsleeping eye of conscience to behold

The past with all its horrors still alive!"
He speaks no more—he bows his head, and all
Who know his history are moved to tears.

The fifth act, and the last, brings us again
Unto the widow's house. See, there she lies,
With broken heart, upon her dying bed,
And calls upon her boy to come to her,
That she may once more hold him on her
breast.—

He comes not, yet she calls, and calls again,
With ceaseless perseverance, and the spark
Of life, breathed—on by breath of loving hope,
Is held suspended dark and light between.
But hark, she hears a step—she asks who comes,
And cries aloud, "My boy—my boy is here!"
Ah, well she knows,—the door is gently moved
See, in he comes and runs into her arms!
How comes he here, the convict of the State?
Good men have pleaded with the ruling powers
To let him, ere to far confinement borne,
Be, guarded, brought unto his mother's side,
And not in vain—they've yielded: there he kneels.
The mother looks into his haggard face,
And breathes the language of her deathless love;
He cannot speak—he only hides his head,

And pours a flood of bitter scalding tears.
Thus are they left alone, with all apart.—
The officers unto their duty pledged,
At last, the signal give, to call him hence—
They wait, but yet he comes not forth, and then
Goes one, with silent footsteps to the bed,
And whispers that the time has come to go.
The dying woman, hearing, cries aloud,
“No, no, you shall not tear him from me now!
He’s mine! He’s mine! Begone! leave me my
boy!”

She clasps him tighter in her wasted arms;
To late—too late she tries to hold her boy!
Her arms unloosen suddenly, she falls
Backwards in ghastly stillness on her couch;
No more to feel the agony of life!
The convict bends above her moveless form—
He finds the truth, and horror-stricken, cries,
“O God! My mother—My poor mother dead!
Another life charged—charged to my account!”
The curtain falls—the actors’ work is done:
But let the lesson taught move ever on,

THE BEATEN WAY.

Along a rocky path, a pilgrim slowly wends
His weary way, alone, and, though with age he
 bends,

 He climbs the hills;
The steady restless walk, the eager look of care,
Reveal that duty shapes some strange sad mission
 there,
 Upon the hills.

But, see! Who comes? A youth bright eyes filled
 with hope
With self-reliant step approaches down the
 slope—

“What seek you here, my boy, and from whence
 do you come?”

“I seek for fame—for joy—I leave yon humble
 home;

That solitary cot no more for me has charms—
Behold the beaming world! I fly into its arms,
 Down from these hills!”

“Youth, go no further on! Your eager steps
retrace;

The smiling world deceives—stay in your native
place!

Seek not for joy afar—it dwells about your home,
With fame your guiding star you'll ever wretched
roam,

Far from these hills!

The world gave to me, and crowned me with its
fame;

Now from its shams I flee, and bow my head in
shame,

Amid these hills!”

A mocking laugh rings high; the youth with
flashing eyes,

As swift he hurried by, back to the old man cries:

“Weep on—I seek the world, but not like you to
stay,

Unheeding, till my kin despair and pass away
From their loved hills!”

The Pilgrim, speechless, bows his head upon his
breast;

The eager youth speeds on, scorn in his glance
expressed.

Down from his native hills the wilful boy has
gone;

Beyond the rocks afar—behold! he's speeding
on—

He meets the waves of life that roll on every side;

He struggles—he is lost amid the human tide,

Far from the hills!

The old man slowly turns his upward path to
trace;

Shame's quenchless torture burns upon his with-
ered face,

Amid the frowning rocks, his form now fades from
sight,

But Oh, your loving hearts will judge his task
aright,

Upon the hills.

TO-MORROW 'S LUCY'S WEDDING DAY

AN' MINE!

Ha! Lucy said she'd come an' meet me here:
I've plucked these flowers for her—The Little
Dear!

O don't I like her? Well I guess I do!
If she liked you, like me, why you would too.
Ah, there's our singing tree—Blow, breezes
blow!

Sing, sing above us, while we whisper low!—
What will we say? Ha, yes, you'd like to know
But wait—I'll tell you something, if you'll say
You'll keep it quiet just a single day?—
Well, you must know, my Lucy's Lucy White—
A good name, but it doesn't suit me quite,
Nor her—she'll change it 'fore to-morrow
night

O don't I hope to-morrow will be fine!
To-morrow 's Lucy's wedding-day an' mine!

Afraid? No! no! though I have never been
A bride-groom in my life, an' must be green,
Why should I be, when she's got pluck to
come

An' marry me; an' let me take her home?
But even so—ha! ha! why all the same
I'd face the music if she'd take my name!
For, oh, I tell you now, in all my days,
I never met a gal with nicer ways.
I'll tell you what I mean; she never wears
No prinkey, puffed-up, stand-off, shallow airs;
But she has always just the same mild way,
Without her bein' bold, she can be gay;
O she's the gal can my rough ways refine—
To-morrow is her wedding-day an' mine!

I'll tell you what it is: there's nothing better
Then likin' some gal an' tryin' to get her;
No danger of a feller goin' down hill
If he goes in and sparks her with a will;
An' pops the question when he gets a show—
Ha!—that's the way 'to work! I ought to
know!

Then, if he's fit to have,—an' gals can see—
He'll win the day, an' feel as good as me!

Ah! there comes Lucy! Just you see her
gait!—

I'll have to go an' meet her—I can't wait!

How bright she is—with joy she seems to
shine—

To-morrow's Lucy's wedding-day an' mine!



THE ORPHAN.

When working for her daily bread,
Where strangers come and go,
The orphan's thoughts go back again
To childhood's years of woe;
Back to a gentle mother's care,
When by her side she clung,
And feared a drunken father's hand,
And sacrilegious tongue.

While her good mother strove to hold
Their home, from day to day,
By work, her cruel father reeled
On his besotted way;
How often would her mother's tears
Induce him to refrain;
How often would he break his word,
And take to drink again.

She never knew a father's love;
His name but seemed to be,

To her, a name for want and woe,
For blows and blasphemy.—
At last there came an ending day:
His dead form home they bore;
They'd found him frozen stiff and cold,
Outside a bar-room door.

The struggle past, her mother failed
And faded, day by day;
Dark years of wrong and wretchedness
Had stole her strength away;
But never took away her love
For him she could not save.—
She blessed, her gentle orphan child,
And sank into her grave.

While working for her daily bread,
Where strangers come and go,
The orphan's thoughts go back again
To childhood's years of woe;

But, then the present soon recalls,
From buried woes, her mind;
For there are always wrongs enough
With orphan's lives intertwined.

THE CABIN IN THE GLEN.

TERRY.

O Mary, My Darling ! fly with me to-night !
Sweet joys are awaiting—the church is in sight—
When the ring's on yer finger they cant steal you
then
From the wee little cabin I've built in the glen.

MARY.

O Terry, I cannot go wid you, my dear !
You know I am an orphan, my uncle I fear ;
He wants me to marry for gold, not for love,
Oh, go to him, Terry, his heart try to move '

TERRY.

O Mary, yer uncle I'll never go near !
'Tis you that I want, not yer uncle, my dear ;
Oh, show that an Irish girl's heart can't be sold !
That she'll stand by her love spite of station or gold !

MARY.

O, Terry, I'm wid you—in you I confide,
My heart's warmest feelings—O, Faith, I can't
hide!

To Church I'll go wid you, dear Terry, an' then
I'll share the wee cabin you've built in the glen!



THE SEXTON'S STORY.

Out from the church had gone a mournful train,
To give unto the earth its own again,
The knelling bell had ceased its solemn tone,
And by the door the sexton stood alone:
Low bowed his head, and from his eyes strange
tears

Fell to the stones he'd trod unmoved for years.
I hastened to his side, to give relief,
I asked him to confide to me his grief.
"Friend, I will tell you all," the old man said,
"My tears are for the living and the dead!
For her whose confined clay is yonder borne,
For him who, tearless, walks beside, forlorn.
My heart, I thought, was closed other's woe,
But, see? 't is opened: tears of pity flow!
A few years since, she left this church a bride,
Smiling and joyous, by that husband's side,
In the full glory of her youthful pride.
Ah, on that day, beside the altar there,
I saw him stand before his God, and swear
To love, sustain and cherish her, his wife,

And shield her from the rougher blasts of life.
Well, with them time skipped on; bright fortune
smiled,

And heaven blessed them with a little child,
Which, like an angel missioned from above,
Drew them still closer in the bonds of love;
From their bright home example's shining ray
Lit-up for erring-ones true virtue's way,
And peace, I thought, that nothing could destroy,
Supremely reigned within their house of joy.

But oh, temptation in some luring guise
We all shall see till death has sealed our eyes!
Out from the paradise of home he stole,
And thought to drink, unharmed, the demon's
bowl;

But changed in nature by its blasting spell,
He turned his happy home into a hell;—
Out from its door he thrust his wife and child
When winter's chilling blasts were blowing wild,
What love was her's! she would not leave the
place—

She sought to hide from all her home's disgrace;
Outside the door, clasped to her trembling form,
She held her babe, to shield it from the storm;
But soon her soul was filled with wild alarms;
She felt the child grow colder in her arms,

She beat the bolted door—her only cry:

“Our child! our child! O God! our child will die!”—

Within, he wakes—he hears her call for aid—

The vapors of his drunken stupor fade—

He sees the awful wreck his hands have made;

Sobered, he springs to open wide the door,

His poor wife falls—falls in upon the floor—

Out from her arms, numbed by the bitter cold,

Down at his feet the little baby rolled;

He raised them both—he laid them on the bed—

His wife was still alive—the baby—dead!

Oh, horrid sight to meet a husband's eyes,

And bring remorse with all its agonies!

Its pangs struck deep into his wakening soul;

There lay the bitter fruitage of the bowl!—

Then came the Law, that watches open-eyed,

And took him forth, for justice, from their side

Yes, while his wife in mortal anguish lay

And as they put his child beneath the clay,

He stood, a felon, barred from open day.—

Kind ministering-friends sought the lone wife's
bedside,

In vain : her heart was broken—and she died,

Then, importuned, the men who guide the State

Let him go forth to her disconsolate.

See ? there he stands beside her grave to-day,
Mourning in deep and tearless agony.

Ah, Friend, a lesson in this world I've learned,
That Justice strikes, if Mercy's hand is spurned,
That man receives the wages he has earned !
Mark ! to the grave the coffin now they lower—
Down—down beside the baby gone before—
Ah, look, the husband, by his grief oppressed,
Finds voice—what means that weapon from his
breast ?

See how the crowd in terror scatter wide !
He shoots—he falls ! my God ! a suicide !”

The sexton from the sight in horror fled.—
There by the grave the suicide lay dead !—
Justice had claimed a victim for her own,
Mercy could only weep—the deed was done !

THE BARD'S REWARD.

The minstrel sings, amid the throng,
The anthem of the Free;
Men hail the bard's prophetic song;
And earth's swift winds bear it along,
To Nations yet to be,—
The listening slave, by it made strong,
Strives for his liberty.

See now, the bard, before all eyes,
While listening hearts are thrilled,
Sings, that all men may realize
The truth that from love's agonies
Earth's blessings are distilled;
And that the rod of sacrifice
Will bloom with dreams fulfilled;

Again, upraised, in lordly hall,
His feeling numbers flow;
Behold! his fiction touches all,

And pity's semblance there lets fall
Her tears at fancied woe;
Charmed souls obey art's magic call,
And quiver in her glow.

At last the minstrel's voice they hush;
He weeps his fate alone;
Neglect's cold winds about him rush,
Men, who have learned his songs, now push
Him from them, thus to groan;
The tears, that from his eyelids gush,
Fall on his bed—a stone!

Ah cruel men! he filled your halls
With song's rejoicing breath,
And now you thrust him from your walls
With hardened hearts! Mark, where he falls
Your cold, shut, hands beneath!
See, from your sordid path he crawls,
To his reward—to death!

O for the winds of God to bear
Ingratitude from here!
O for the love that's quick to share

Its bounteous blessing everywhere
All sufferers to cheer!
Oh for the pity that can spare,
For real woe, a tear!



THE ARCH OF LIFE.

A father walked forth with his son
Across a blooming plain:
They saw a gentle brooklet run
By fields of waving grain.

They stood, where, o'er the little stream,
A bridging arch was made,
And saw the shining pebbles gleam,
Where shallow waters played.

"Look, Father, for a brook so small,
O'er which you easily stride,
Why have they built the bridge so tall,
With arch that spans so wide?"

The father smiled, and, pointing where
The clouds were bringing rain,
Said, "Wait until the sky is fair,
I'll bring you here again."

A friendly roof they quickly found;
The rain poured from on high—
When it had blessed the thirsty ground,
The sun burst from the sky;

And as the clouds went trooping on,
Exhausted of their store,
The father led his little son
Beside the bridge once more.

“See, now, how changed, my boy,” he said,
“Mark, what the storm has done?
The rill expanded from its bed,
Is speeding madly on.

For this they built the bridge so tall,
And stretched its arch so wide;
Firm stands each foundation wall,
Safe, in the rushing tide.

As this fair structure's built my boy,
So build your arch of life!
Firm-based and lifted broad and high,
To stand through storm and strife!

For those who, for a sunny day,
Their narrow fabrics rear,
Soon see the storm sweep them away,
And leave but ruin there!"

THE END.







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